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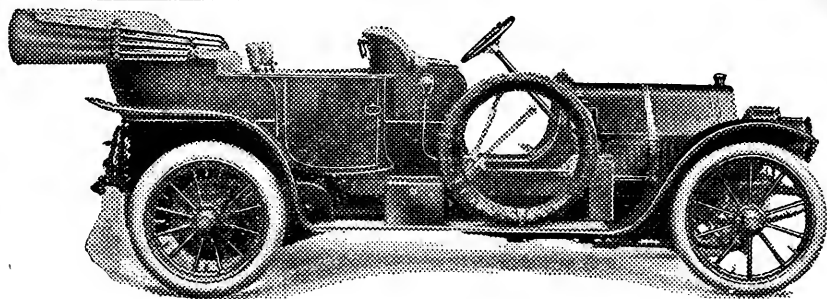
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IMPROVEMENT ERA.

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MAY, 1908.

No. 7.

HOW KNOWLEDGE COMES.

BY FRANK L. WEST, B. S., PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS, AGRICULTURAL
COLLEGE OF UTAH.

[Mr. West, the author, who read the following faith-strengthening paper at a recent convention of the M. I. A. of Cache stake, graduated some years ago at the Utah Agricultural College, and has studied in several of the leading American universities. He is one of the best physicists in the state. The study of science does not seem to have interfered with his religious faith at all.—EDITORS.]

We believe in the existence of a personal God. We believe that he is interested in us. We believe that he will answer prayers and will give us aid with his Holy Spirit, when we are in the proper condition.

We know of this, not because we have seen him or heard his voice, but because of the operation of the intellect upon nature, because of the written testimony of those who have seen him, and lastly, because his Holy Spirit has borne witness to our hearts that it is a fact.

Of the means by which we know everything that is without us, *viz.*, 1st, the testimony of the senses, sight, hearing, smelling, tasting, feeling; and 2nd, the testimony of the intellect and the heart, we rely wholly upon the latter for our knowledge of these

facts. Because we believe in that which we have not seen and heard, we are sometimes looked upon as simple-minded, credulous, superstitious, and anything else that stands for a low order of intellect. I shall try to show that this is a mistake, a false attitude, and that the facts first stated are natural and extremely reasonable, that we need not lower our claims on scholarship for accepting testimony of this sort.

For those who lay such emphasis upon the testimony of the senses, who believe in nothing that they cannot see or hear or feel, I should like to mention some facts.

A group of blind men, so we are told, had heard of the elephant and went to determine what he was like by feeling of him. Some said that he was a wall, others a tree, and still others that he was a great fan (the last got hold of his ear). The sense of touch is not so very valuable in the acquisition of truth, in determining the nature of what exists without us.

Pieces of steel and wood, in the summer time, though they be equally hot, the sense of touch says the steel is hotter. In the winter time, when both are equally cold, the sense of touch records the steel as colder. If one hand be cold, being in some ice water, and the other warm, being in hot water, and both be thrust in water luke-warm, the one will record it as hot and the other as cold, and both are in the same water. The sensations are so widely different that my statement cannot be appreciated without actually trying this. How reliable are our senses?

Sight, unaided by the intellect, says that men and objects diminish in size as they recede from the observer, and increase in size as they approach.

Let me bring to your attention the phenomenon called in science mirage. On barren deserts, frequently villages and towns with their houses and churches and barns are distinctly seen. Water always appears on the horizon. On the sea, when none are near, ships are often seen sailing by. These sights are images of towns and ships probably hundreds of miles away. By combination of lenses and screens and mirrors, headless men and other weird sights can be projected into space. All of these resemble the real, just as much as any image in an expensive mirror

resembles the object. How reliable is this one of our senses, for testifying as to what is real?

We claim the existence of God, and yet know him not through these senses. We claim in science the existence of many things that cannot be seen or heard. No one claims to be learned in chemistry, physics or astro-physics, who does not believe in the existence of the molecule, the atom, and the electron. The electron is less than two one thousandths the size of the molecule, and yet if a drop of water were magnified until it were the size of the earth, the molecules would only be about the size of base balls. We know of their size to within four or five per cent of accuracy. We ascribe space relations and methods of linkage to the atoms that make up the molecules, and yet no one ever saw a molecule or an atom, or an electron.

As we are now constituted, we never shall, for a lens strong enough to make them visible would be so thick as to be opaque, and so heavy that its thin edges could not support its weight. The molecules are less than one half wave length of light in diameter, hence, wouldn't reflect the light or be seen even if we had the lens.

As I am talking, you cannot detect a movement of the air particles in the space of the room. By your senses, sight, smelling, feeling, tasting, can you detect that with every word I utter, and every change in tone of voice that the little air particles are changing from an oscillation at one rate to an oscillation at another rate, and yet science states the curve along which every air particle is traveling for every particular sound that is going by it.

When the air pump has removed all the gases from a vessel, science tells us that it still contains something which it has named ether. It is the substance that exists between us and the sun and interstellar space. Of its nature, Dr. Gage in his work on physics says: "We cannot see, hear, feel, taste, smell, exhaust, weigh, or measure it, and yet all this, paradoxical as it may seem, furnishes absolutely no evidence that it does not exist." Lord Kelvin, late president of the Royal Society, in his address at Johns Hopkins University, said, "In its structure the ether is assumed to be excessively fine-grained. Differing from water, glass, and metals,

in being very much more finely grained in its structure. Instead of saying we know nothing about it, I say we know more about it than we do about air or water, or glass or iron—it is far simpler, there is far less to know. Its natural history is far simpler than that of any other body.” Dr. Gage says that the fact that it is not known by means of the senses furnishes absolutely no evidence that it does not exist. Then the fact that God is not known by the senses furnishes absolutely no evidence that he does not exist.

We probably have all felt that there is something unnatural, unreal, impossible about spiritual things and impressions. In that connection let us notice the mechanism of light, sound, and electrical impressions, their initial cause and method of transference. They all three originate in an initial movement, a vibration of an object; such as a bell or a string for the sound, and an oscillation of the smallest of particles, the electron, for the other two. The sound disturbance is transferred to the ear by the solids and gases that are in between them. The light and the electrical one by the ether, already mentioned in this talk, to the eye and to the receiving apparatus of the wireless telegraphy.

In all three we have a disturbance, a connecting medium, and a receiving apparatus. The ether exists throughout all space. We, as delicately organized beings, could take up an ether wave of slightly different frequency, radiating from the presence of God and sense and interrupt it. Transference of intelligence from God to man need be no more mysterious than light propagation to do what we know it does, for the colored band of light known as the spectrum or the rainbow commences at one end at the violet, and ends at the other with the red. We see nothing beyond each end, but it projects its length on each end, as delicate instruments show, but the eye cannot detect it. What is beyond the red differs from the red only as the red differs from the yellow or orange. The eye can recognize the presence of disturbances of certain rates. When the pitch of the tone is too high or low the ear won't recognize or hear it. A sensitive flame shows that the medium has transferred to the ear the motion, but the ear is not tuned for it. The singing mice at the World's Fair were heard only by the few with ears sensitive for very high tones. No doubt

many insects are producing all sorts of sounds that we don't hear. Some have claimed to be able to hear them.

The receiving telegraph instrument has to be properly tuned in its oscillations to detect the presence of the electrical wave. The eye and ear can detect only vibrations of a certain rate. So we must tune our spiritual natures so that we may receive spiritual impressions, and be susceptible to their influence. Only certain ears heard the mice and the insects, different persons can see different amounts of the spectrum or rainbow; so in religious gatherings and temples, some have seen heavenly visitors, and others present have seen nothing extraordinary. So in religious gatherings, everyone partakes of the Holy Spirit, there to a different degree from everyone else.

We shall in no wise lower our claims to scholarship by granting that God lives. Our religion is natural and rational. It is to our advantage to live God's commands, to be pure in heart, so that we may be tuned and in accord with his Holy Spirit and thereby receive his assistance.

Logan, Utah.

UTAH.

(For the Improvement Era.)

Utah, bright star, our proud banner adorning,
Home of the patriot and land of the free,
Sweet are thy charms as a balmy spring morning,
All our affections are centered in thee.

Brave are thy heroes in love or in battle,
Pure are thy maidens as lilies in June,
Priceless the dear ones that round our knees prattle—
Bright as the sunshine and fair as the moon.

Others may boast of their clear, bubbling fountains,
Blue skies and mountain-decked vales o'er the sea;
Silence their claims with thy sweet vales and mountains,
Shelt'ring the homes of the gallant and free.

While others' prospects are blighted and shattered,
Through want and hunger, so common abroad,
Here, in the rich vales of Utah, are scattered
Blessings unnumbered by nature and God.

Utah, the land where our fathers and mothers,
Footsore and weary for liberty came,
Robbed of their all through the malice of others,
Millions unborn yet shall sing of thy fame.

Utah, we praise thee, for in thee are sleeping
Loved ones who made us their pride and their joy,
Sowed in affliction, the bliss we are reaping—
Here may we live long, and here let us die.

Utah, the refuge and hope of the nations,
When the dire judgments predicted shall come,
Kings at thy feet then shall lay their oblations,
Flee to thy borders for safety and home.

Utah, blest land, where the righteous are rearing
Temples to God, where his pow'r is displayed,
Where, on Mount Zion, are saviors appearing,
Linking together the living and dead.

Let us rejoice that the blessings of heaven,
Promised to Israel, through Joseph of old,
To his descendants in plenty are given
Here in fair Utah, as prophets foretold.

Utah, the peerless, we praise and adore thee,
Star of our ensign the brightest and best;
Glorious and grand is the future before thee,
Nature has crowned thee the Queen of the West.

JAMES CRYSTAL.

American Fork, Utah.

IN THE DAYS OF '49.

BY JOB SMITH, A UTAH PIONEER OF 1848.

After the lapse of 58 years, narrations of the many extraordinary adventures and dangers experienced by emigrants and travelers, and of lives lost in those journeys, are perhaps interesting and readable. It should be remembered, however, that nearly all of the travel across this uninhabited part of the continent was done during the summer months, in large companies, when grass was abundant for feed, and terminated seldom later than October 20, on account of the severity of the storms in the high altitudes. To be later occasioned much suffering, and often loss of life; and then, as to small companies, the Indians were a dangerous menace, for when met with they seldom failed to collect an extravagant tribute. So that a small company starting late took many risks, only justified by the nature of the mission. Energy, coupled with faith in God, made it practicable in the instance here recorded—a missionary journey East in 1849.

On October 6, 1849, the usual semi-annual conference of the Church was held in a large bowery situated on the southeast corner of the temple block, then otherwise unoccupied. At this conference the first general call from this valley for missionaries to preach the gospel in Europe was made. Four of the apostles and twelve other elders were nominated and voted for. Eight were for England, three for France, two for Italy and three for Denmark and Sweden, and announcement made that all should be ready to start on or by the eighteenth of the same month. Preparations were hastily made and on the 19th camp was formed at the mouth of Emigration canyon.

The company consisted of the missionaries named and nineteen

other persons—business men and teamsters. Of the apostles there were John Taylor, Lorenzo Snow, Erastus Snow and Franklin D. Richards. Of men presumably on business for the Church, I remember Joseph L. Heywood, Edward Hunter, E. D. Woolley, Shadrach Roundy and Jedediah M. Grant. Other prominent business men were Mr. Kinhead (the first Salt Lake valley merchant), Robert Pierce, Levi Stewart, John Reeve, and others whose names I have forgotten. Before starting up the canyon, an organization was effected, President Brigham Young being present. By unanimous consent Shadrach Roundy was appointed captain and J. M. Grant captain of the guard. Guard consisted of each member of the company, and so numbered as to each take his turn standing guard. This was necessary to prevent surprise after dark, and to watch the horses which, of course, had to be loosed to feed on such grasses as were anywhere near the camp. Getting fairly started on the 20th, progress was made over the first range of mountains by the aid of a number of pairs of oxen furnished for the purpose. On the Weber and in Echo canyon we met companies *en route* for the Valley with whom the said oxen were returned. One company was being led by Apostle George A. Smith and the other by Apostle Ezra T. Benson.



Ready to Move.

Travel the first three hundred miles was unimpeded by any particular obstacle or incident, except getting a buffalo for beef, and on November 6 met four men near Greasewood creek carrying mail for Fort Hall. They were in distress, having been robbed the previous day by some "Crow" Indians. Their blankets, provisions, and one of their mules had been taken from them. Such relief as was necessary was promptly furnished them.

November 12th about 450 miles had been traveled, and at noon-time on the south bank of the North Platte river a halt was made. Horses were watered and turned loose to find and eat grass. About one-third of a mile in front the road crossed the summit of a ridge which appeared in plain sight. The most of the company were sitting on wagon tongues or boxes eating. Captain Roundy sitting on the wagon tongue next to me suddenly alarmed the camp by shouting, "Indians, boys! Indians, boys! gather your horses, quick." He had been the first to espy, and now all of us could see on the ridge aforesaid a large number of mounted Indians riding furiously toward us. In hot haste Captain Grant shouted, "Every man, get your guns. Step out here and form a line," repeated several times. Suiting the action to the word he stepped forward and others followed as fast as horses could be gath-



The Old Stage-Coach.

ered and safely tied behind the wagons, and their guns secured, so that before the Indians could make the distance a solid line of 35 men had formed. The wagons, eleven in number, being abreast and nearly close together, the line of men covered them. The Indians turned out to be Cheyennes; about 200 in number, riding directly towards us, were beckoned to keep back, to which they gave little heed until within I judge five or six rods of us, forming a sort of crescent extending beyond our front. Then they stood still staring at us. Each party showed their weapons, but made no further hostile demonstration. A short period of intense suspense while fruitless efforts were made to communicate was experienced. At length Elder Curtis E. Bolton who could speak French spoke to them in that language which one of the Indians understood. In reply to the question as to what they wanted they replied that they mistook us for a band of "Crows," (Indians) with whom they were at war. In view of the fact that wagons could not well be mistaken for wickiups or tepees, it seemed probable that it was more their intention to drive our horses off into the hills and thus leave us helpless and at their mercy. However, that may have been, after a short parley, and collecting from the wagons a few buckets full of



Camping at Echo.

provisions and tobacco to pay over as a sort of toll for crossing their country, we quickly hitched up our teams and drove on along the road through the middle of the crowd, using the caution to place a man with his gun on each side of every wagon in addition to the driver, and so passed on without molestation.

The Indians were evidently much struck by the promptness with which we placed ourselves in our own defense, and yet offered no offense. So that they made congratulatory remarks to the leaders and invited them to visit their camp some distance from the road which Apostle Taylor, Bishop Hunter and Erastus Snow (as near as I can remember) responded to, they having riding horses. They were treated with courtesy at the Indian camp, and returned to the road and reached our camp the same evening, the main company having made the usual afternoon distance.

Two more days travel brought us to Fort Laramie. Here, through the courtesy of the officer in charge, (a Major Anderson), we were enabled to replenish our stock of provisions at eastern prices, or about one half of what a merchant would have charged us, if there had been one there.

Pursuing our journey another hundred miles, the clouds towards the east became very threatening, and as we traveled we could see snow falling almost entirely around us, and yet not falling upon us, which was very favorable to our teams, instead of being compelled to travel in a snow-storm. Soon, however, we came to where the snow had fallen a foot deep. Here again we thought Providence favored us, for instead of breaking a road through a foot of snow we traveled along a *dry road* track which the wind had swept quite clean, nearly a hundred and fifty miles or near to Fort Kearney, where we arrived November 27. Had we been compelled to have broken road all the distance mentioned, our teams would have been so jaded that they could have been of no further service, and it is doubtful if we could have got our wagons through at all, as the dry grass was covered up, and nothing visible except the dry ends of what is called wheat grass, which is quite tall but very poor for animal food, upon which, of course, our animals had to live. And there were no other teams or source of human aid since leaving Laramie. Here (at Kearney) we rested one day, and replenished our stock

of provisions and grain for horses. From this point eastward the snow continued quite deep, and covered the road-way. But a day or two preceding our arrival, a government train of wagons had broken a track some fifty miles, after which the track had been covered by more snow. The remaining distance there was no track. Bad traveling required a longer time to reach the Missouri river than we expected, and caused us to experience a two days' fast before reaching the river, which we did on Friday, December 7. Here we found a small hotel, a sort of deserted barracks, where we obtained a much needed square meal. Our journey so far had been performed without the loss of an animal or any accident causing detention. But here was a river to cross, more than half a mile wide, which required ferrying, and no ferry could operate because the current was full of floating ice against which no boat could contend.

Here now was another obstacle which nature alone could solve. It might be a week or a month before the river would freeze over. No prophet could tell. The following night, however, was very cold and still. No waves ruffled the river, but a stiff current kept the flakes moving until they became so large that jutting against the banks in a bend they clogged, until reaching from shore to shore they became stationary, and formed a natural bridge. It was not, however, a sheet of ice like a skating pond. Far from it. Small flakes or flat chunks of ice had crowded up one against another and edged up so as to form the roughest conceivable surface, varied here and there with small holes and crevices made by the under current of the river. The two following days were occupied by smoothing a track with axes, picks and shovels—wide enough for wagons to pass. This being accomplished, a crossing was effected on the 10th. This was done by leading the horses over one at a time, and pulling the wagons with a long rope attached to the end of the tongue by a string of eight or ten men, one wagon at a time. This method was necessary on account of the ice being so rough and treacherous. Several accidents with the horses occurred, but all got safely over at last. Men having valuables took the precaution to carry them over on foot, rather than to risk them in the wagon. The last wagon, presumably the heaviest, went down just as the front wheels neared the east bank, but with

extra force was pulled safely up, leaving a broken bridge behind to the dismay of others who wished to cross westward.

Our journey was now resumed, and without further incident we reached Kaneshville December 12, 1849.

At this period of time Kaneshville and surrounding country was the temporary home of a large number of Latter-day Saints whose means had not been sufficient to enable them to proceed to the "Valley" the previous years. They were presided over by Apostle Orson Hyde, and had their schoolhouse or place of worship. They built houses, fenced farms, and fixed up things generally as if to stay. (They sold out afterwards for traveling outfits.)

Our company being the first band of missionaries from the "Valley," the welcome that was accorded us was spontaneous and overwhelming, amid great rejoicing over the success of our journey.

Looking back through the series of years since the journey was made, at a time when there were no human habitations except Indian tepees and two small U. S. (so called) forts, the whole distance of eleven hundred miles performed after the usual season of the year when traveling was safe, we, that is, the members of the party, have never ceased to acknowledge the over-ruling hand of Providence in our protection from dangers seen and unseen, seeing that we were messengers of the restored gospel to four different nations of Europe, three of which had never heard it. At this date only two of us remain to tell the story by memory; namely, Patriarch Joseph L. Heywood of Panguitch and myself. The elders all safely reached their destination, each performed an honorable and successful mission, and all returned safely to their homes in Utah, accompanied by large numbers of European converts. The English mission was my field, where I labored four years, and returned in conduct of thirty-five families across the plains.

Sugar House, Utah.



WORK'S WORTH.

By that divine unrest that spurs thee on,
And fills thy soul with deepest discontent,
By that despair ambition feeds upon,
'Tis not for thee to judge thy work's intent.

There is a battle that we all must fight,
Against the proud, deep fear we stand in lest
Our work shall seem unworthy in the sight
Of those great gods, whose creeds we have confessed;

At whose high altar-fires we kneel to pray
For light to guide us on to realms yet higher,—
For knowledge of the secret of their sway
O'er kingdoms unto which our souls aspire.

Yet we should not forget to cease sometimes
Our worship, and our hopelessness give o'er
To hours of toil with chisel, brush, or rhymes;
And dare to own our work. nor brand it poor.

I. R.

ROMANCE OF A MISSIONARY.

BY NEPHI ANDERSON, AUTHOR OF "ADDED UPON," "THE CASTLE
BUILDER," ETC.

VII.

THE DEARTH OF MEN.

The summer had nearly passed before Willard Dean found John Loring, Nancy Loring's son, and called on him. The elder had left his first field in such a hurry that he had failed to get Mr. Loring's address, so he had sent for it later. John Loring was a printer. He was married and had two children. They lived in a street off Hackney Downs.

When Willard called on them he was kindly received. They were pleased to meet a distant relative from America. However, John Loring had no use for Willard's religion as he had an abundance of his own; in fact, he had received a good deal some two years ago, all at once, at the time he was "saved." On that important occasion he had received enough to last him through this life and into eternity he said; and so, of course, he had no use for any more, especially of the kind which the young "Mormon" elder brought to him.

Mr. Loring was strictly a temperate man. He knew what the family had to contend against, and so he wisely abstained altogether from touching the dangerous drink. But for all his temperance and his religion, John Loring was a weakling. Willard thought sometimes that the man did not have character enough to move in the direction of either right or wrong. His wife was the manager. She carried the purse and kept the accounts, and it went hard with John Loring if he could not account for every penny of

his wages on a Saturday night. To the wife, then, was due much of the credit of John Loring's temperate, Christian life.

During the dark, rainy season Willard often called at the Loring's. When the fog was black without, the cheerful fire in Mrs. Loring's grate was good to see and feel. She was a model house-keeper, clean and neat. The brass fender always shone as if new. The curtains were snowy white. The floor was wonderfully free from dust or dirt. John always took off his boots when he came home and put on his slippers which were by the door waiting for him. Willard was very careful to clean his shoes before he came in. The children, a boy and a girl, were always scrupulously clean; and so Willard took great delight in playing with them—something he could not very often do with the children in many of the families where he visited. One of the "funny things" to Willard was Mrs. Loring's front parlor. It was a very small room, so crowded with furniture and bric-a-brac that Willard always went into it with fear that he might disturb something. In an unguarded moment he might knock a frail ornament from its position with disastrous results. He had seen a good many such English parlors, which seemed to him not for use, but a storehouse for bric-a-brac; but this, to use his own expression, "was the limit." Willard avoided the parlor as much as possible. He was much more comfortable in the kitchen playing with the children and talking to Mrs. Loring.

One dark, wet afternoon Willard called early. The fog had crept up from the river, and had that yellow tinge peculiar to London. Early in the afternoon the fog became black, and the life of the city was checked to a slower movement—that was all; it went on regardless of wet or fog or darkness.

Willard raised the rusty knocker on the front door of the Loring house and gave a number of loud raps. Mrs. Loring soon let him in and led the way into the dining room where, to his great surprise, he found Nora Loring sitting by the table. The table was spread and they were about to have their tea.

"You are just in time, you see," said Mrs. Loring. "You are acquainted with Nora, I understand."

"Yes, indeed," he replied as he shook her hand. "What brought you to London?"

"Well,—the train, of course,"—this with a faint effort at a smile. Then soberly: "You haven't heard of mother's death?"

Willard expressed his great surprise at the news. He had not called on the Loring's for ten days, and so had not been informed.

"Yes," said the girl. "Mother's gone, I hope to a better and a happier world. She had a hard life. She has tasted of the very bitter; I hope heaven will be sweet to her because of it."

The girl seemed more free than usual to talk.

"Come, we will have our tea together," said Mrs. Loring.

Willard greeted the children, and then sat down to the table with the little company.

"I was just pouring out the tea as you knocked," said the housewife, "when Nora here surprised me by saying that she no longer drank tea. Would I give her a little hot water instead? I nearly spilled my own tea in astonishment. She acts just as you did, Elder Dean, the first time you visited us."

There was a genuine blush on the face of the girl, and she was somewhat embarrassed; but she was silent.

"You arn't a 'Mormon,' are you?" asked Mrs. Loring of the girl.

"No," said Nora, "I—I suppose not. I don't think I'm good enough to be a 'Mormon.'"

Her sister-in-law looked at her for a moment, and then she burst out into a merry laugh; but she said nothing. Willard could not keep his eyes off the girl. She was changed. There was more color in her cheeks, and they were rounder, he was sure. Two cups of hot water was poured out and but one of tea. Willard and Nora put milk and sugar into the clear water as Mrs. Loring put them into her tea.

"Yes," said Nora, after she had gained control of herself again, "I heard what Elders Donaldson and Dean said about tea, and I thought I would take their advice, at least as an experiment. I haven't tasted tea for three months, and besides being considerable money ahead, I have gained in flesh and very much in spirits."

Willard was pleased. Silently, slowly, unobservedly the leaven of the gospel was working with this woman, as it does with all who honestly desire to know the truth and to do it.

After the tea table was cleared they sat around the fireplace, talking. Willard learned the particulars of Mrs. Loring's death, learned also that she had carried with her a great liking for Willard and the elders. She had become quite a frequent visitor to the meetings of the Saints, and Nora had always been with her. After her mother's death, even the humble home which they had had was gone, and so she had come to London.

Then Willard talked and the two women listened. He experienced much freedom, and he was led along lines not usually discussed with beginners in the gospel.

"Some people," said he, "believe that we are saved by faith alone, while another class claims that works is the only thing that counts, and that faith is nothing. Both are wrong. Faith and works must be combined. One without the other is incomplete. For instance, here is Mr. Loring—beg pardon, Mrs. Loring if I am personal in making my illustration—it is all faith with him. He and those who believe with him hold that they of themselves can do nothing for their salvation. They have convinced themselves that they are nothing; they delight to call themselves 'worms of the dust, good-for-nothings, wholly corrupt,' etc. What does such a course of mind training lead to? Why, weakness of character; inability to take the initiative in anything; loss of power to take hold and to overcome temptation; lack of courage and of manhood. On the other hand, mind you, a faithless man is a blind, mechanical force. I don't believe there are many faithless men among those who do things, even if some of them call themselves such."

Mr. Loring now came home, and Willard remained to supper. As they were eating, Mr. Loring turned to Nora and remarked:

"I saw somebody on the street this afternoon. I was somewhat surprised as I thought he was in Edinburgh."

Nora evidently knew whom he meant, for she was all interest in a moment.

"He was somewhat the worse for drink, I believe," continued Mr. Loring unconcernedly as he sipped his tea.

Nora's face became pale for a moment, and to hide her agitation she turned and looked away.

"But I am going to try to find him and take him to our re-

vival meetings," said he. If he would only give himself to Christ—cast all his burden of sin on him, he might be saved even yet."

"Do you know what I believe?" spoke up Mrs. Loring.

"What, my dear?" replied her husband.

"I believe that if Dwight Thornton would exert himself just a little; would put into motion the little manhood he has—I suppose he has a little left—and then trust to the Lord to help him, he would do a far wiser thing than what you want him to do."

Mr. Loring stared across the table at his wife in open-mouthed wonder. She often expressed herself forcibly on financial and other matters, but what did she know about religion? She was not even a "saved" person, much to his own sorrow. Perhaps this display of heresy was due to the young "Mormon" elder. Before he had time to reply, however—it always took him some time to formulate a proper answer to his wife—Nora spoke up:

"John, are there any *men* in your church?"

"Why, certainly, there are men in our church. What a foolish question. Of course there are more women, but —"

"I don't mean that. I have been looking for *men*, not worms of the dust—men with power within themselves to say "No" to wrong and "Yes" to right—men who are willing to take the blame for their own wrong-doings—men—well, just plain men!"

"You talk in riddles. What do you mean?"

His sister did not answer, but Willard Dean understood what she meant. Presently Nora asked:

"Where did you see him?"

"On Piccadilly, going west."

"Was there anyone with him?"

"No, he was alone. Had the weather been fine, I should say that his destination was the grass in Hyde Park; he looked very much like a tramp."

Nora became quiet, and the subject of conversation changed to other themes. In due time Willard said good-night.

The next day the fog still hung over London, heavy, thick and black. The cabs traveled slowly through the darkness, their lamps sending but a glimmer of light into the street. Yet people were out. One would think that when such a blackness settled over the town, the people would go indoors and be content for a

few hours by fire and light; but not so. The great pulse of the city is not so easily stopped.

There was a great jam of people and vehicles on a corner in the Strand. Nora Loring wished to cross, but she with the others was held back by the uplifted hand of a policeman. The stream thus checked was soon a large gathering, waiting for another stream to get by in the street before them. Nora stood waiting patiently. She seemed to be in no great hurry, and when at last the policeman beckoned the crowd forward, she remained at the rear until the crush was lessened. This policeman was a good natured fellow, for he enforced his orders in a pleasant way. When Nora was just about to pass him and make a dart across the street, she heard someone say to him:

"For the sake of old times, help me tonight."

"If I give you money, you'll drink it up. I can't believe you," replied the officer.

"Jack, I've a baby at home, a baby crying for bread. If you can't trust me, send and find out. Here—here is my address"

Nora paused. She knew that voice and recognized the face, and she stood and listened. She pressed closer, keeping in the shadow of the gas lamp. She heard the street and number repeated, and she remembered it.

"Can't you see that I'm busy now?" said the officer, not unkindly. "Come again when this jam is over."

The man walked away in the darkness without replying.

Nora did not cross the street as she had intended. She stood for a moment in thought. Would he go home? No; not yet. She could get there before him, no doubt. She would try. She was not sure of the location of the street which she had heard, so she enquired. It was a long way off, so she would have to ride. This was favorable, because he doubtless would walk. In the darkness and confusion she managed to get the right bus, and made fairly good progress towards her destination. She knew London fairly well, and was not afraid.

For nearly half an hour she rode, and then alighted at what she knew was a slummy street. After making some purchases at a shop, she walked on up the street for some distance, looking for the right number. She searched for some time before she found

it and rang the bell. There was a faint jingle in the distant interior, and after a time the door was opened by a large, very dirty woman.

"Does Dwight Thornton live here?" asked Nora.

"'E does when 'e's at 'ome," was the reply, "which isn't very hoften."

"His child is here isn't it."

"O, yes; poor kid! I'm a poor 'ooman myself and can't do much for it, but if it hadn't been for me, it 'd a starved long 'go."

"May I see her? It's a little girl, I understand."

"Who be you?"

"I am a friend of Mr. Thornton's, and I want to help the child. You can trust me, my good woman; I wouldn't hurt it for the world."

Being assured of the visitor's good intentions, the woman let Nora in, and showed her up a flight of stairs into a dingy little back room. By the light of a low burning gas, Nora could see a bundle of rags in a corner and the little girl upon it. She turned up the light, and at the woman's look of enquiry as to who should pay the gas bill thus made large, she placed a shilling in her hand. At the additional noise and light, the child sat up and stared in open-eyed wonder. When Nora approached, she nestled down again and hid her face with the cover.

"Don't be afraid, dearie," said the woman. "'Ere's a lady come to see you. She won't 'arm you. Come, Nellie, sit hup."

But Nellie hugged the ragged bed clothes tight.

"Nellie," said Nora, drawing near to the corner, "see what I have brought you." She drew an apple from her bag and held it out. But the child did not look up. Then Nora rolled the apple on the floor, and it went bumping along the rough boards. The child heard and timidly peeped out. Nora held the apple up again. A small arm crept out from the rags and the apple was placed in the eager grasp. Then apple and hand disappeared under the clothes.

The woman then retired, and Nora was left alone with the child. She looked around for a moment at the dirty room and its meagre furniture and then at the child in the corner. This was *his* house, this was *his* child—he who could not be a man. And

yet once there was manhood in Dwight Thornton. That was years ago before the demon drink had taken possession of the garnished house of the man; years ago when he and she had been together, had loved and planned and promised. She could see the green lanes of her native town where they had walked in the evening and listened to the skylark; where he had gathered the first white hawthorn blossoms and had placed them in her hair,—yes, the dingy room vanished for a moment, and then there was a sound of someone approaching. Nora came back suddenly to the present. The footsteps passed the door and went on.

Nellie had taken a bite from the apple. She now dared to look upon the giver, and began to be less afraid. Nora went close to the bedside, and taking from her bag some buns and an orange, placed them within reach of the child.

“You are so hungry, I know,” she said in a reassuring tone. “Eat the bun first, then you may have the apple and this orange. Here, dear.”

In a few minutes Nora had the child on her lap, contentedly eating. She was a pale, half-starved little thing, with big eyes looking out from the pinched face. Her dress was dirty and ragged, and her feet were bare. Nellie was two years old. Nora knew the date when she was born.

After a time the little one began to prattle. Her hunger had been satisfied, and she looked up wonderingly into the kind lady's face.

“Is you my mama?” she asked. Nora did not reply, but she hugged the little one close. Nellie put her arms around the young woman's neck. “Ain't you my mama?” she repeated.

Then the tears ran unhindered down Nora Loring's cheek. She kissed the child's pale face, and stroked the tangled hair. The knocker sounded on the front door.

“That is daddy,” said Nellie.

Nora hurriedly put the child on the bed and went out into the hall. She listened to the voices below, and heard Dwight Thornton talking to the woman who had let her in. She looked hurriedly into the room again and at Nellie sitting patiently on her bed, and then she sped softly along the corridor. Footsteps came nearer. She crouched into the shadow of a doorway as the man

brushed past. He went on into the room, and she heard Nellie cry, "O, Daddy!"—Then she hurried down to the outer door which she carefully unlocked and opened. She slipped through the door and then closed it again.

The fog was still over London—fog and blackness, as it seemed to be also in the heart of Nora Loring; and yet, as in the darkness and the dreariness of the city there are gleaming spots of light and cheer, so deep down in the girl's heart there glowed a little light which sent out a ray of cheer—it was not much, but oh, what a comfort that little was in a world where all was darkness!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE CHANGED CROSS.

[Elder Heber J. Grant says of the anonymous poem here printed: "When in Canada, I happened to pick up one of the Canadian readers, Book 5, and read *The Changed Cross*. It struck me so forcibly that I take pleasure in enclosing you herewith a copy, and suggest that you publish it in the ERA for the benefit of your many readers. If every reader of the ERA enjoys it as I did, he will be grateful that I discovered this piece of poetry while visiting our Canadian settlements."—EDITORS.]

It was a time of sadness, and my heart,
Although it knew and loved the better part,
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife,
And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought on these as given to me,
My trial test of faith and love to be,
It seemed as if I never could be sure
That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus, no longer trusting to his might
Who says, "We walk by faith and not by sight,"
Doubting and almost yielding to despair,
The thought arose, my cross I cannot bear:

Far heavier its weight must surely be
Than those of others which I daily see.
Ah! if I might another burden choose,
Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose.

A solemn silence reigned on all around;
E'en nature's voices uttered not a sound;
The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell,
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause—and then a heavenly light
Beamed full upon my wondering, raptured sight;
Angels on silvery wings seemed everywhere,
And angels' music thrilled the balmy air.

Then one more fair than all the rest to see,
One to whom all the others bowed the knee,
Came gently to me as I trembling lay,
And, "Follow me!" he said, "I am the way."

Then speaking thus, he led me far above,
And there beneath a canopy of love,
Crosses of divers shape and size were seen
Larger and smaller than my own had been.

And one there was most beauteous to behold,
A little one with jewels set in gold,
Ah! this, methought, I can with comfort wear,
For it will be an easy one to bear:

And so the little cross I quickly took,
And all at once my frame beneath it shook;
The sparkling jewels, fair were they to see,
But far too heavy was their weight for me.

"This may not be," I cried, and looked again
To see if there was any here could ease my pain:
But one by one I passed them slowly by
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers around its sculptured form entwined,
And grace and beauty seemed in it combined.
Wondering, I gazed and still I wondered more
To think so many should have passed it o'er.

But oh! that form so beautiful to see
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me;
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colors fair!
Sorrowing I said, "This cross I may not bear."

And so it was with each and all around—
Not one to suit my need could there be found;
Weeping I laid each heavy burden down,
As my Guide gently said, "No cross, no crown."

At length to him I raised my saddened heart;
He knew its sorrows, bade its doubts depart.
"Be not afraid," he said, "but trust in me;
My perfect love shall now be shown to thee."

And then with lightened eyes and willing feet
Again I turned my earthly cross to meet,
With forward footsteps turning not aside
For fear some hidden evil might betide:

And there—in the prepared, appointed way,
Listening to hear and ready to obey,
A cross I quickly found of plainest form,
With only words of love inscribed thereon.

With thankfulness I raised it from the rest,
And joyfully acknowledged it the best,
The only one of the many there
That I could feel was good for me to bear.

And while I thus my chosen one confessed
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest,
And as I bent my burden to sustain,
I recognized my own old cross again.

But oh! how different did it seem to be
Now I had learned its preciousness to see!
No longer could I unbelieving say
Perhaps another is a better way.

Ah no! henceforth my own desire shall be
That he who knows me best shall choose for me;
And so, whate'er his love sees fit to send,
I'll trust it's best, because he knows the end.—ANON.

THE USE OF THE IDLE HOUR.

BY CLAUDE T. BARNES.

It seems strange that the Greek word for "school" meant a place where pleasure is enjoyed; and yet that fact, seriously contemplated, suggests the means toward the acquisition of the truest culture. Man is so constituted that change is essential to his welfare: they whose minds never leave the worrying scenes of business are, in their way, as far from the true lines of culture as is the professor whose intentness causes him to appreciate only the narrow sphere of his own selection. The idle hour is, then, the choicest time for improvement, for it not only opens the way towards new knowledge, but also, by being merely a diversion, prevents a loss of that breadth and equilibrium characteristic of the most highly cultivated mind. On account of the diversity of inclination and occupation the idle hour is, however, a matter of great study; and the few suggestions made here must be meagre and unsatisfactory.

The history of intellectual development proves the assertion, that many of the masters of art and science were men whose educations were of insignificant developing power in comparison with natural inclinations favored by opportune idle hours. Notice, for instance, the science of geology and we observe that its leaders have been men who devoted only their spare time in its cultivation. Steno, Guettard, Pallas, Fuchel and many more were physicians; while Giraud-Soulavie and Michell were clergymen. Murchison was a retired soldier; and Alexander Brongniart was a superintendent of a porcelain factory at Sevres. Desmarest was an overworked civil servant, who diverted his mind from the drudgery of official duty by rambling over the hills in search of geologi-

cal knowledge. Playfair and Cuvier were teachers of other branches of science, who were drawn into the study of geology on account of the refreshing change it afforded. Hutton, De Saussure, Hall, Von Buch, Byell, and Darwin were wealthy men who, scorning a life of slothful ease, sought happiness in a study of nature. William Smith was an engineer; and, in fact, in the whole list of geological scholars, Werner, Sedgwick and Logan are the only ones who made its study their profession.

Strong as these facts may be, in evincing the great use of which the idle hour is capable, let us look at another branch of the world's attainment—Literature.

Shakespeare was withdrawn from the Stratford grammar school when he was thirteen; and, if our information concerning him be correct, his immortal poetry is the result of a judicious use of his idle hours. Daniel Defoe, the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, attended a boys' school at Stoke Newington, London, immediately afterward working on a paper for his living. Pope was withdrawn from school at twelve; but the fact that he read everything he could lay his hands on, made his idle hours the benefactors of classical literature. Burns was the son of a farmer; and he had no education except such as his father gave him. In the family, however, they were constantly reading from Shakespeare, Pope, *The Spectator*, Locke's *Essays* and Harvey's *Meditations*. The life of Burns is, therefore, astonishing, as from no education there issued forth poetic greatness. He will live forever, because he knew how to live his idle hours. Keats left school at fifteen and Cowper at eighteen. Dickens' school days had ended when he was fifteen; but, in his idle hours, he taught himself shorthand and studied in the British Museum. Through his assiduity, he became so proficient at shorthand that he was appointed Parliamentary reporter, and, by the time he was twenty-four, he had already published the first book of the *Sketches by Boz*.

All masters must, sooner or later, rise above their teachers; for instruction brings forth what is already known, while genius produces the unknown. Instruction at school or college is, therefore, more or less stereotype, and, to one gifted with an abundance of observational power, not altogether necessary. To some it

would seem, for instance, impossible to excel in literature without a thorough preparation in the study of grammar. That this impression is erroneous appears from the fact that much of the world's classical reading was produced before grammars were known.

Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio produced their imperishable works two hundred years before an Italian grammar was thought of. Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Addison, Pope, Young, Thomson, Johnson and Burns learned no grammar in their childhood. Sorneille, Moliere, La Fontaine, Pascal, Bossuet, Boileau, and Racine produced their immortal works long before a French grammar appeared. In fact the most illustrious masters of language—Demosthenes, Seneca, Malherbe, Clarendon, Montesquien, Fenelon, Voltaire, Rosseau, Montaigne, Boileau, Dante, Galileo, Franklin, Gibbon, Pope, Burns, and Moore—acknowledge, as you can prove by reading their works or their biographies, that they acquired their excellences of style by the private study and imitation of the best models put before them. It is in the idle hours when one is all alone, that one's thoughts reach their loftiest development and that culture is most easily acquired.

Some men will whittle boards on the street corner and talk to companions that know little capable of instructing or improving, while, at home, they could, if they would, talk with such men as Montaigne, Emerson, Hawthorne, or Macaulay.

The United States government distributes, free of charge, bulletins on every phase of agriculture; and if they were carefully read, in the evenings, by the youth of the country, many a boy would soon be a scientific farmer.

The man who is always discontented with his powers and determined to gain further knowledge, regards the idle hour as merely an opportunity for change of employment, not for ease. He is a wise man who so arranges his life that, whether working or playing, he is gathering in more of the world's knowledge and culture.

Dr. Francis Wayland once gave an interesting address before a scientific audience at Union College, N. Y.; and though the discourse was on a technical subject, the following excerpt is appropriate here:

Everyone, whatever his position, may well be supposed to possess the means of developing his own powers, and arriving at the standing of an intellectual man. There is nothing in the nature of an occupation that renders such an expectation extravagant. The uncles of Hugh Miller were highly cultivated men, reading the best books, concerning one of whom he remarks; "there are professors of natural history who know less of living nature than was known by Uncle Sandy;" and yet one of them was a harness maker and the other a stone mason; each laboring industriously at his calling, for daily bread, for six days in the week.

There is no field so wide in its opportunities for self-culture, as nature. If you are interested in mines and minerals, procure a standard work on mineralogy, and seek the hills in confirmation of all that you read. If you would like to be able to converse, intelligently on the various insect pests to agriculture, get in touch with the Department of Entomology, at Washington, and begin a scientific collection of your own. If you would know the names, the habits and characteristics of over a hundred varieties of birds that sing and fly over you every day, purchase the proper books, a pair of field glasses, a scalpel and other ornithological tools, and, then, seek the woods in commencement of a study which will take you years to master. The same might be said in regard to botany; oology, the science of bird's eggs; helminthology, the science of worms; herpetology, the study of serpents; ichthyology, the study of fish; paleontology, which investigates fossil remains; dendrology, the science of trees, and mycology, the study of fungi.

If you do not care for any of these sciences, there are hundreds more from which to choose. No man will ever make a great success at something he doesn't like. The industrial sciences can all be mastered by individual study and effort.

Some may complain that they live in cities too large to afford opportunities for any systematic study of nature. In winter especially this contention is forceful; and, therefore, we cannot do better than follow the instructions of Edward Forbes, F. R. S., given in a lecture before a London audience. His topic was, "The Educational Use of Museums;" part of the address follows:

Museums of themselves, alone, are powerless to educate. But they can instruct the educated and excite a desire for knowledge in the ignorant. The laborer who spends his holiday in a walk through the British Museum, cannot fail to come away with a strong and reverential sense of the extent of knowledge pos-

sessed by his fellow-men. It is not the objects themselves that he sees there and wonders at, that make this impression so much as the order and evident science which he cannot but recognize in the manner in which they are grouped and arranged. He learns that there is meaning and value in every object however insignificant, and that there is a way of looking at things common and rare distinct from the regarding of them as useless, useful, or curious—the three terms of classification in favor with the ignorant. He goes home and thinks over it; and when a holiday in summer or a Sunday's afternoon in Spring tempts him, with his wife and little ones, to walk into the fields; he finds that he has acquired a new interest in the stones, in the flowers, in the creatures of all kinds that throng around him. He can look at them with an inquiring pleasure, and talk of them to his children with a tale about things like them that he had seen ranged in order in the museum. He has gained a new sense—a thirst for natural knowledge, one promising to quench the thirst for beer and vicious excitement that tortured him of old. If his intellectual capacity be limited and ordinary, he will become a citizen and a happier man; if in his brain there be dormant power, it may waken him up to make him a Watt, a Stephenson or a Miller.

This is an age of wonderful opportunity. Magazines containing instructive matter can be procured for a few cents a year; and nearly all of the masterpieces of science can be purchased for twenty-five cents a copy. Everyone has access to books; and if a child, able to read, remains ignorant it is either his own laziness or the fault of parents who are so avaricious that they do not give him time to do anything but work, eat and sleep. The Bible, for instance, is in every home; and its literary beauty is not excelled by Milton, Shakespeare, Goethe or Homer. It is one book that teaches by example as well as by precept.

Whoever you are, and whatever you are, you are missing life's biggest opportunity if you are not wisely using your idle hour.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

IT ALL DEPENDS.

John and Pat were two friendly workmen who were constantly tilting, each one trying to outwit the other.

"Are you good at measurement?" asked John.

"I am that," said Pat, quickly.

"Then, could you tell me how many shirts I could get out of a yard?" asked John.

"Sure," said Pat, "that depends on whose yard you got into."—*Tid-Bits*.

VISIT TO A VOLCANO IN SAVAIL.

BY ELDER WILFORD A. PORTER, OF THE SAMOAN MISSION.

The Samoan or Navigators' Islands are a group in the western Pacific, lying in $13\frac{1}{2}$ deg. to 14 deg. S. Lat. and 168 deg. to 173 deg. W. Long. The group consists of nine islands, including several small islets, many of which are not inhabited. They are of Volcanic formation, and for the most part surrounded with coral reefs.

The four larger islands are very mountainous, and are inhabited principally by native Samoans. However, there are a great many foreigners, some of whom are owners of large cocoanut plantations. The products of the islands are chiefly vegetable. Cocoanut-trees, however, take first place in importance. Savaii, the westernmost island in the group, is about 50 miles in length, by 30 in breadth; its highest peak rises nearly 5,000 feet above the sea. In the month of August, 1905, a violent eruption occurred on one of the highest peaks; a volcano having broken out about twelve miles inland, and south of the Matantie district. Prior to this outbreak, several large, native villages were situated along the north-east coast of the island, and also native plantations some distance inland.

There were likewise a few large cocoanut plantations owned by foreigners; since the outbreak of the volcano, these have been totally destroyed by the lava. The natives have been forced to leave their homes, and seek places of refuge on other parts of the island, where they have received accommodations from their friends. The volcano has done considerable damage to plantations, and much good land has been ruined; and that part of the island which was once dotted with comfortable, native houses, and thrifty

plantations, which supplied the husbandman with the necessities of life, are now buried beneath the great lava beds.

In January, 1907, the writer, in company with a number of fellow missionaries, visited the crater. We went from a small village on the coast, by the name of Wanase, journeying some distance through one of the thick forests, so common in this land; when we arrived at the newly made lava bed, located about one mile south of the crater, we found ourselves confronted with great heaps of cold lava rock. In order to reach the point desired, it was necessary to climb some of these heaps. We were soon at the top of the main bed. The lava was cool enough, so that we could travel without much difficulty. We continued until we arrived at the cone, which appeared to be about 200 feet high; we commenced to climb, and, after a little exertion, arrived at the top. Looking into the mouth of the crater, we here beheld the great lake of red hot lava a few hundred feet below us. It presented a most beautiful sight and appeared like a great lake of fire and brimstone, boiling, splashing, roaring and rumbling, its great waves, madly dashing against the rocky reef.

We remained at the crater only a few moments, as the weather was very disagreeable, making it difficult at times to obtain a good



On the Outside of the Crater, Savaii, Samoa.

view of the fire. After gathering a few specimens, we made our way back, feeling grateful for the opportunity of beholding such a wonder, for it may indeed be numbered among the wonders of the world.

The Latter-day Saints believe in the predictions uttered by the ancient prophets of God, in regard to the great calamities which the Lord in his wrath will pour out upon the earth, previous to his coming.

As we returned, therefore, we could not help but reflect that surely the days of burning are coming upon the earth, when the wicked are to be destroyed by fire, earthquakes and famine. The islands of the seas are being visited with famine, pestilences, tidal-waves, volcanic eruptions, and great earthquakes and wind-storms. There have been fire and earthquakes in many lands, so much so, that great cities have been shaken to the earth; thousands of people have been buried beneath the debris of fallen struc-



Lava Running into the Sea—Savaii, Samoa.

tures, and thousands have perished in the maddening course of the flames. Surely there must be weeping and wailing among the hosts of men, men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming. All of these things, measured by the words of prophecy, certainly furnish food for reflection, especially to the Latter-day Saints; and these great events should impress upon the minds of all, the necessity of living worthily before the Lord in order that we may escape the judgments of the last days.

Savaii, Samoa.

ALONE.

(For the Improvement Era.)

Alone in the evening of life,	When human hearts fail us, we turn
With the darkness of night at the	To our Father in heaven above,
door,	And grand are the lessons we learn,
Alone where grim shadows are rife,	Of his wisdom, his mercy, his love.
That loom o'er the dim, mystic shore.	Alone? Never more if we will
Alone when the keen frosts of age	That angels should hover around;
Are bleaching the locks of soft hair,	Every righteous demand let us fill,
Alone near the end of life's page,	While faith, hope and goodness
Be it blotted or shining and fair.	abound.

Alone, though the sickle of death	Then knowledge and joy will attend,
By the reaper is still held aloof,	Every gloomy foreboding will flee,
A foe with far deadlier breath,	And the voice of thanksgiving ascend,
Once crept under Eden's fair roof.	King Death has no terror for me.
A strong arm for refuge hung near	His hand will but pave the short way
Ere the beauty of youth passed away,	That leads to a heavenly rest,
Whose loving hand dried every tear,	Amid the bright regions of day,
Alas, it is absent today.	To dwell with the true and the blest.

MARY A. FARNSWORTH.

Colonia Garcia, Mexico.

THE MODERN SKEPTIC.

BY MILTON BENNION, PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY, UNIVERSITY OF UTAH.

Skepticism is most manifest in periods of rapid change in thought. This is true both in individual and in social life. In its social manifestations it is known in history as a "period of enlightenment," and is generally discernable at some time in the history of every great nationality. The most notable examples are the Greeks in the time of the Sophists, the most famous skeptics of antiquity; and the French philosophers of the eighteenth century, of whom Voltaire and Diderot were types. The educated classes among the Greeks and the French in these respective periods, as social bodies, may be said to have been in the stage of adolescence. A similar mode of thought and feeling commonly occurs in the life of the individual somewhere between the beginning of the teens and maturity. It is characterized by a tendency to renounce previously accepted opinions, to repel external authority, and to become a law unto themselves. Naturally skepticism is one aspect of this frame of mind. It comes very frequently as a reaction against a childish mythology, or illogical faith, or as a rebellion against an arbitrary and oppressive authority. In case of both individual and race development this condition is normally outgrown and is followed by a more rational faith and a deeper insight into the necessity of institutions and lawful authority.

What are the most common external causes of skepticism in reference to religion? First unreasonable religions and inconsistent theologies. Take, for illustration, the widely accepted doctrine concerning the revelations, miracles, and prophesies recorded in the Bible which affirms a belief in these, but denies that

in post-biblical times there ever has been or ever will be a reoccurrence of these manifestations of God to man. "Such things," they say, "are not suitable for this enlightened era." "True," replies the skeptic, "they are but the mythologies of a savage or barbarous age." Thus the theologian prepares a weapon for his own destruction. Akin to this point is the tendency to judge a cause by the character of those who profess it. Finding professors of theology who use their religion as a means of worldly gain, or as a cloak for sin, the critically-minded charge this to religion and turn away. This thought involves a logical fallacy, but it has weight with many minds, nevertheless. I speak of these as important causes of skepticism, but in no sense as a justification of it.

Another very general cause of skepticism is inadequate interpretation of the latest scientific theories. Many otherwise intelligent people fail to distinguish between final and efficient causes, and when science has discovered the efficient cause of a phenomenon they assume that there is no place for the idea of God in connection with it. This mode of thought is frequently manifest in talk about the laws of nature as causes or controlling powers. What is a law of nature? It is only a statement of the way anything uniformly occurs. To elevate it to the rank of a cause, force, or power is a mere fiction, quite as unworthy of acceptance as the most absurd theology. The fact that the processes of nature occur in a uniform way, under the same conditions, is thought by some to be unfavorable to the idea of God. It is unfavorable to the idea of God as a capricious will behind each particle of the universe, controlling it in a way that never can be predicted. Such a condition would make the existence of civilized society impossible. Man, with his limited powers and intelligence, seeks to reduce to system and order everything within his control. How much more, then, should we expect an omnipotent and omniscient God to establish system and order, or natural law, in his universe!

The laws of nature, then, instead of being opposed to the idea of God, are a strong evidence in its support. Instead of explaining things in an ultimate way, the laws of nature themselves call for explanation. It is very common nowadays to hear

the law of evolution cited as an explanation for everything in nature. The fact that without the idea of end or purpose evolution would be impossible, seems to have been overlooked by many students of science.

Recent investigations in psychology have, in many individual cases, tended to further the cause of skepticism. It has been found that in sense-perception the mind is frequently subject to illusion; and that many people, sometimes in their lives, have hallucinations; that is, they seem to perceive something which has no existence except in their own minds. This is a common experience of the insane. Now if anyone proclaims that he has had a vision or revelation, the skeptic, while admitting that such a person may be sincere, will declare that it was only an hallucination. He reasons this way: "Psychology has shown that people do sometimes have hallucinations. This is something that is not observed by everyone, therefore it is an hallucination." The fallacy here is that of applying a physical science test to a human experience that is very different from physical science. I may have a pain in a tooth, and you cannot know for yourself that it is there. Indeed, you may say that it is an hallucination, and I cannot disprove it if you persist in unbelief. A Christian may have a deep and abiding love of Christ, but the unbeliever cannot realize it, and his skepticism may give rise to sarcasm and contempt. A missionary may travel and preach for the love of truth and the good of humanity; but the self-seeker will say: "No. This is only a pretension. He has some selfish motive."

It may be contended that the above are cases of feeling and volition, not of knowledge. In reply it may be said that even in these cases there is the knowledge of pain, love, and desire or motive. And this is as real and as strictly individual as the feelings themselves. Indeed, psychology has shown that all knowing, as such, is private. One person cannot know absolutely the mental content of another. It is only when the object of knowledge is open to the inspection of all through the senses, or when it is a concept subject to logical or mathematical demonstration, that the so-called scientific tests can be applied. Science and scientific methods have great value and are perfectly legitimate in their place, but they do not cover all human experience. The most

vital questions pertaining to man, his spiritual powers and obligations, lie outside the domain of positive science. Religious knowledge and experience are as private and individual as the knowledge and experience of love, pain, or desire.

How, then, can this knowledge be attained? Only by individual experience. We can know pain only by suffering; love, only by loving; and the Spirit of God only by being made partakers of it. This the spiritually minded may do by seeking God in faith and humility, at the same time manifesting purity of life and willing obedience to Divine commands. But knowledge alone is only a part of human experience. The feelings and the will are more fundamental in life than is knowledge. According to many modern philosophers, it is upon the more secure basis of feeling and volition that morality and religion have their foundations. This view of morality is confirmed by modern psychology. A moral skeptic may deny the moral law and declare that the whole duty of man is to seek his own pleasure in his own way, which is to say that he has no duties. Without a common ground of feeling and volition, no one can prove to him that he is wrong. The skeptic in religion is in a similar position. Both are most likely to be moved by experience more intense and soul stirring than mere reasoning.

A few special causes of skepticism may be worthy of mention. As sin may sometimes be practiced under the cloak of religion, so skepticism may be assumed as a justification for wrong doing. God, immortality, and a universal moral order, are notions not agreeable to the impenitent sinner. He may deny religion because that gives him most satisfaction; and while living in corruption, he is, of course, devoid of religious experience. This is a good example of how the feelings and the will may determine belief. Pride, self-seeking, and worldly-mindedness are barriers to faith and knowledge of God. We do not assume that all skepticism is due to these special causes. In the absence of these, however, skepticism, when manifest, should be only a temporary stage in the development of the individual.

No constructive mind can rest in skepticism. Such a mind presses on until it attains a knowledge and appreciation of the fact that the most real thing in the universe is God.

Forest Dale, Utah.



Temple Block, Salt Lake City, after a March Snow Storm. (Photo by C. R. Savage.)

THOUGHTS OF A FARMER.

BY DR. JOSEPH M. TANNER.

VII.—LEADERS.

For the work on my farm I really need a small band of horses, and naturally I select the best that I can find, and match them for their work. But farm work is not all plowing and not all harrowing. I live some distance from town. I must haul in large loads of wheat often, and sometimes back to the farm heavy loads of lumber. A single team will not always answer the purpose. I need two, sometimes three, span. I must have a span or two of leaders. I find them very, very hard to get. I have just really one good span that will do for a lead team, and even one of that span is not quite what he should be. If leaders shirk, they are of little value, they keep the wheel team back, render little or no service and would be better out of the way. A lead team should be easily managed and quick to move. It should be steady and constant in pulling. In such a team we should have that excellent quality which good men possess, namely, conscientiousness.

With the wheel horses it is different. They are near the driver, they are within easy reach of the whip, they may be carefully watched and guided without much trouble. What they are doing can be easily seen, and it is difficult for them to shirk. Freighters or farmers are always proud of a good lead. The quality of leaders in a team is something they boast about, and so the farmer often says a lead team is "mighty hard to get." A good lead team must have a certain amount of nervous energy, must be high-lived, natural born workers. How is it with men? Is leadership common among them, or must men be worked "on wheel." Must they be near the whip, and driven along by the force of circumstances, and compelled to do their duty?

There is another thing about a good lead team, it helps to give life to the wheelers. If the leaders go well, the whole team works to an advantage. If the leaders are slow the wheelers hang back. How true that is in the life of men! If I am a slow man, an indifferent man or lazy man, I ought to have, for my own sake, and for the sake of the load I am helping to bear through life, good leaders, intelligent leaders, spirited leaders, with a high nervous tension.

The next time you see a good lead team, examine it, look first at the heads of the horses. You will probably find a broad forehead and a Roman nose. You will discover large nostrils, bright and full eyes. The horses will be well limbed; their hair is likely to be fine; Their heads are beautifully posed on uplifted and elegant necks; there is the air of leadership in their step. They belong to the aristocracy of horse flesh; and though a lead team may be hard to find, a good wheel-team well led may render just as valuable service. The wheel-teams of life are the common teams of life.

As you move about in life you scarcely see more than one team hitched to a wagon, so that there is really but a limited demand for lead teams, and they are found wherever there are heavy loads to haul. So it is among men. Great leaders are found only where the necessity of their services is apparent. In what kind of a team would you like to work, a big team or a single team? Can you move easily, forcefully and intelligently in the direction others should go? What are you looking at, the road in life to be traveled, or are you looking at others to see which way they go, so that you may follow them? How are you guided, by the thoughts and purposes of others, or have you before you some high moral aim, some distinct purpose in life? Is there a distant object you are aiming to reach? You may not be a leader and recognize the fact, but you may do good serviceable work on the wheel and carry your full share of the load of life, and you may need the whip. If you recognize its necessity, don't balk when it is applied to you. If you are a leader, you may need to be held in, for your own sake, and for the sake of others. Don't rare and pitch and sweat if the lines are drawn on you. Regulate your gait. There is really more chance for the lead team to go wrong

than there is for the wheelers. They not only have to keep the right road, but sometimes must be guided where there are no roads to follow. One of the secrets of a lead team is its easy and intelligent guidance.

We have a variety of teamsters. Sometimes we are driven by circumstances, sometimes by the responsibilities of men, sometimes we are guided in life by an unseen hand, by an overruling power. Whoever and whatever our teamsters may be, it is our good fortune if they guide us wisely and well. Every serviceable man in this world, like every serviceable horse, must be subject to guidance. He is harnessed both to his fellowman and to his environments. He must be harnessed that he may work. The so-called independent man, the unguided man, the unharnessed man, like the unserviceable horse, is wild—a child of the prairie. In the words of the horseman, he is an “outlaw.”

Alberta, Canada.

THE EVANGELIST.

Lines dedicated to the memory of the late Patriarch E. H. Blackburn.

Born Sept. 17, 1827; died April 6, 1908.

We'll sing the praises of one great
 And mighty in the Lord,
 Who passed from out this low estate
 And went to his reward.
 Not many in this vale of tears
 Were given such gift and power
 To bless, to heal, to aid mankind,
 Each moment, day and hour.
 And now his great career is passed,
 His earthly mission closed;
 His works were mighty, broad and vast;
 How sweet is his repose!
 For thousands here have heard his voice
 In blessings on their head,
 And through his words do now rejoice,
 Are nearer heaven led.
 All honor to this patriarch,
 This gifted man of God!
 To him there is great honor due,
 Because he served the Lord!
 Tho' Zion mourns a brother gone,
 Erstwhile his praise we'll sing,
 For in our loss the heaven's regained
 A prophet, priest and king.

Richfield, April 10, 1908.

ANNIE G. LAURITZEN.

“WHAT OF THE BOY IN SUMMER TIME?”

BY HON. FRANK J. HEWLETT.

[The author was formerly president of the Salt Lake City council, and is a successful Utah business man and manufacturer.—EDITORS.]

Winter has passed away; no more for a time will we see the boy with his skates in hand hurrying to the ice pond. What a relief to his mind, after the studies for the day are over, to enjoy the healthy sport and return home, his rosy cheeks glowing with animation, ready to take up his work again.

Spring has come. Earth again awakens from her slumber. For months the soil, the plants, the insects, and even a part of the animal creation have been enjoying a vacation. But as the warmth of the sun makes itself felt, and the gentle breezes sweep over the land, a mysterious movement begins in all departments of nature's vast realm.

Sweet sounds from the throats of birds are heard in the air, the buzz of tiny wings, and the chirp of insects come familiarly on the ear, like a faint echo of the past. Even the trees, in some strange way, take on a greenish tinge just before their leaves appear, and lo! here and there a forward blade of grass or an early flower gladdens the eye; it is a delightful change, after the mantle of snow has melted away, that covered hill and plain.

It also states to the workers, in the noble cause of Mutual Improvement, that our season is drawing to a close. It may be nearing the end so far as our lessons are concerned; but never, in watching the welfare of our boys. To make a success in life, to develop both mind and body, our boys must have plenty to do. Their interests should be looked after in the summer time. They should be watched by the teachers to see if there are any symptoms

appearing that may lead them away from the teachings received during the winter. A word of advice given with tact, at the proper time, will cause the boy to reflect, and in his own way he will cheerfully obey counsel given.

He should be encouraged in his work, and remunerated for what he does. A friend of mine said to me the other day:

"What do you think! my two boys are eagerly looking forward to the time when the dandelions will appear in the lawn."

I asked him why. The answer was:

"I measure off a piece each week and promise them as a reward for clearing it, some good book they may desire, or some spending money. By encouraging them to earn what they receive, they enjoy the work so much better. They also take care of the chickens, and I give them a percentage of the increase. They like the work, it also keeps them off the streets."

A few days ago, while conversing with the superintendent of a school in one of our mining towns, he told me the boys had studied hard and become proficient in their exercises, in fact were nearly perfect. "One of the causes is that we have organized a juvenile band of twenty pieces. They are doing splendid work, and we have promised them, also the other boys that desire to go, to take them next summer on a trip to some of our settlements, where they have never been blessed with a band of their own, and give some concerts. We will travel by team, camp out at night, eat our meals around the brush fire, and have a jolly good time. We hope to pay expenses by our concerts; if not, we have a quiet understanding with the teachers and parents to meet the deficiency. All are working hard, anticipations run high. There is no doubt in our minds but what we will all have a good, profitable time."

Our boy, whether it is in the winter or the summer time, should always strive to advance, both financially and intellectually. A boy resided in this locality many years ago. His parents were very poor. One day he saw five beautiful white ducks offered for sale. His heart leaped with joy at the thought of becoming the proud owner of them—but how to earn the money was the next question. He saw a sign which read, "Carpet Rags Wanted." He went to work; old clothing was torn into strips, sewed together,

rolled into balls. Day and most of the night the lad worked until he had two large sacks full. The carpet weaver gladly paid the price. The ducks were purchased with the money earned. The boy displayed the same energy through life, always relying on his own resources. He is now president of a large business institution, besides being a director in several others. It is our duty to encourage the boy to have ideas of his own, then develop and work them out.

The parents should accompany them to the different pleasure resorts, watch over them, and see that they have a good time. And always notice closely their associates, what their habits are, and learn if they are fit companions for them.

It is at these places where the teachings of the winter are apt to be forgotten:—where one false step, like a drop of ink in a glass of pure water, clouds the character. So will our boy's future happiness become marred, and he be led away from the path of righteousness. There is an old saying: "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined."

It is an interesting as well as instructive practice for a person of mature years to recall the acquaintances of his youth, trace their history, and note what they have turned out to be in the years. A leading U. S. senator gives the result of such a study made by himself, which shows some facts that are worthy of serious consideration. He says:

"Twenty-five years ago I knew every man, woman and child in Peekskill, New York. And it has been a study with me to mark boys who started in every grade of life with myself to see what became of them. I was up last fall and began to count them over, and it was an instructive exhibit. Some of them became clerks, merchants, manufacturers, lawyers and doctors. It is remarkable that every one of these that "drank" is dead, not one living of my age. Barring of few who were taken by sickness, every one proved a wreck, and wrecked his family, and did it from strong drink and no other cause. Of those who were church-going people, who were steady, who were frugal and thrifty, every single one of them, without an exception, owns the house in which he lives, and has something laid by, the interest of which, with his house would carry him through many a day."

If the results of the studies made in this line by other persons were given, they would be found to corroborate in a marked degree those of this senator. Let any man reflect for a few moments upon

the careers of his life-time acquaintances and he will discover that the character of their early life has had its influence upon their future course.

Young men, think of these facts, and strive to make a start on the proper course and keep it.

Were it possible to send our boys on a farm a part of the summer, it would result to their advantage, both physically and morally. During their spare moments, they could study nature in the mountains, streams and valleys. They could study the flowers, birds and insects in their native environments.

There is no young man that is so busy but he can devote a few minutes each day to the study of a book, and absorb every point that is for his intellectual benefit.

Let us hope that our boys during the summer time, whether in the gymnasium, on a fishing trip, working in a factory, following the plow, will devote a few moments of thought to the exercises they enjoyed at our association meetings during the winter. An occasional reading of some of the lessons in our manual that have proved so interesting, such as "How Knowledge Comes," "The Meaning of Prayer," "Counsel," "Chastity," "The Effect of Chastity," and other equally interesting ones, will be time well spent.

Let us in the summer time give the boys a gentle reminder of these things, that are as beautiful as the light, and to him will prove "pearls of great price."

Salt Lake City, Utah.

KEEP GOOD NATURED.

No matter how disagreeable your work, or how much trouble you may have, resolve that whatever comes to you or does not come to you, you will keep sweet, that you will not allow your disposition to sour, that you will face the sunlight, no matter how deep the shadows. You can make poetry out of the prosiest life, and bring sunshine into the darkest home; you can develop beauty and grace amid the ugliest surroundings. It is not circumstances, so much as attitude of mind, that gives happiness.—*Selected.*

FOR THE INCREASE OF FAITH.

THE VOICE OF THE SPIRIT.

BY ELDER HENRY S. TANNER.

The following is part of a blessing pronounced upon my head March 11, 1890, by Heber J. Grant and Abram H. Cannon, Elder Grant being mouth:

That through your humility of heart and faithfulness you shall be blessed of the Lord in this mission, that you shall go in peace and return in safety. * * *

You shall be warned by your heavenly Father and the inspiration of his Spirit; you shall be blessed with knowledge and wisdom from him to enable you to avoid the snares and pitfalls that may be laid for you by the enemies of righteousness. * * * inasmuch as you follow the admonitions of the servants of God, and shall listen to the counsels of those who preside over you in the Southern States Mission, that you shall eventually return to your home in peace and safety, having accomplished a good work, and rejoicing in the labors you have been called upon to perform.

During the evening of March 28, 1890, Elder David T. LeBaron of Mesa, Arizona, (then president of the South Carolina Conference) and I were at the residence of John Gordon, a few miles north of Gaffney, in Spartanburg county, South Carolina. A forest fire had been ravaging the woods during the day, which brought together an unusually large number of men. After having extinguished the fire, many of them retired to the Bethel church, where they perfected an organization to exterminate the "Mormons." Just before supper, and while in the yard, I heard a voice say, "You'd better go." I looked around, but saw no one. Had it not been for the strange and unusual effect which followed with the repetition of the words, I would not have noticed it. I

became nervous and uncomfortable, and suggested to Brother LeBaron that we leave the neighborhood. He, however, not feeling as I felt, could not see the necessity of such a departure, when we were among our friends, and there was not even apparent danger. A second and a third time I heard the voice, and each time went to my companion and told him what I had heard and how I felt. Brother LeBaron, who was always very deliberate, and knew no fear, thought it somewhat inconsistent for us to leave our friends, hoping to find security elsewhere. There were, however, a number of families of Saints in the immediate neighborhood and ordinarily it would be considered sufficiently safe.

As the evening passed, I became more restless and unsettled. My heart beat faster and my blood rushed through my veins with greater rapidity, and I felt that I should flee from the conditions which were so unnerving me. I was not frightened of my fellow-men, but I felt the Spirit of Light gradually withdrawing from me, and I knew that something calamitous was about to happen. Minutes seemed hours; and hours, weeks, and the impressions of that evening, time cannot efface.

The house was simply a log structure containing one room, which served the family as dining-room, sitting-room, parlor, pantry and bed-room all combined. We knelt in prayer around the family hearth, and while my companion was offering words of supplication to our Master, my body was covered with great beads of perspiration, and I felt that I was nearing perdition. An apparent panorama appeared to my mind. I saw in vision what was actually happening: a crowd of men come from the road and surround the house, and when they raised large boulders, my fear was complete, and I lost power over every muscle. No sooner had the stones struck the door than I hit the rafters. I jumped back between the beds with the hope of security, expecting to get a gun or ax for defense. Finding no weapons, and while trying to pull off one of the bedposts, six or eight rifles or shotguns were leveled on me, and I was unceremoniously and in thundering tones commanded to lead the procession. My companion and I led, unwillingly, the clamorous brigade. They followed in close proximity, in fact we could feel their presence for several days after. The experience was more exciting than pleasant. The climax

came when we reached the forks of the road where others were waiting to receive us. Judgment was rendered, and we were ordered stripped, each to receive forty lashes on our naked bodies or to be shot, and if we would not promise to leave after the whipping, they would shoot us anyway. We failed to convince them that their judgment was not well taken, and they proceeded to relieve us of our clothes. Our coats and vests lay on the ground, and the leader of that august body asked why we came there when we were just beaten in our own country. My answer did not seem to be sufficiently courteous, and with vicious, vulgar, and thunderous oaths the hickories fell. The blows acted as a quietus, and my composure immediately returned. I remembered my blessing and that part where I was promised to go in peace and return in safety, and I thought, "Lord, you made a mistake this time." This was immediately dispelled with the words, "You did not obey the Spirit of the Lord." I fairly wilted, offering a secret prayer for forgiveness and deliverance. I commenced reasoning with them, and soon showed them the fallacy of their position. They advised us to go home, turn off all of our women but one, and live like "we uns," then told us to "hit the grit." We had no sooner started than they tried to recall us, but in pursuance of their other order we "hit the grit." Thus thwarted in their design, they began to throw stones and shoot at us. A great number of shots were fired, and bullets and missiles fell all around, but not one hit us. Thus we were delivered from the mob, and by following the whisperings of the Spirit always after avoided them.

Within a week of the above occurrence and at about nine o'clock at night, we were warned as before, and as soon as we could tell the folks good by and pick up our grips we commenced to travel. As we were leaving the yard a friend came running and told us to go quickly for a mob was coming. As we left the clearing on one side, the mob entered on the other, thus we missed an entangling alliance.

Elder William A. Reeve of Hinckley, Millard county, Utah, and I were sent to labor in Union county, but because of persecution coming upon the Saints and threatened extermination, we were requested to return to Spartanburg. At eleven o'clock p. m.,

after having walked about thirty miles that afternoon and being within a mile of friends, I was encompassed with a peculiar sensation. It seemed like a cloud had come over me. I was rendered motionless and laid on my back in the dusty road entirely helpless. After remaining in that condition for about half an hour, this temporary paralysis ceased, and the cloud left as it came. At the time those mysterious feelings came over me, I was completely jaded, but immediately upon arising, I expressed my feelings to my companion that I never felt better or happier in the world, and that I was completely free from the effects of our long walk. In about five minutes we came to Widow Wood's where, between her two houses which were joined by a roof, we saw a crowd of men drinking, and heard them swearing and cursing the "Mormons." Two or three large, ferocious hounds lay at the gate, but did not appear to see us. It was a very bright, moonlight night. Never before had people passed Widow Wood's without those dogs rushing at them as if they intended eating them up. However, we did not understand the purport of what had actually occurred until we arrived at Loss Wilson's, about half a mile beyond. We rapped at the door and Brother Wilson answered, and as he opened the door said, "Elders, it hasn't been twenty minutes since the mob left here."

During the latter part of September, 1892, I was at Pireway, N. C., where I was preparing for conference to be held on the 1st and 2nd of October. Early in the morning when I was returning from the woods where I had been in prayer, a voice said, "Go to Long Bay." I looked around, but could see no one. The words were repeated and I felt a power accompanying them. I was considerably agitated and began to wonder why I was told to go to Long Bay. During my meditation the words were repeated, "Go to Long Bay," and I answered, "I'll go." I went immediately to the house of Monroe Long, where I was staying, and asked for the use of his horse and buggy to drive to Long Bay. Mr. Long wished to know what I was going to Long Bay for, and I told him that I did not know except that I felt impressed to go there, to which he answered, "You 'Mormons' get funnier all the time; I can't understand you." However, he lent me his horse and buggy and I proceeded to Long Bay.

Long Bay is on the Atlantic coast in Horry county, South

Carolina, and I was in the adjoining county on the north, Columbus county, N. C. I drove to the house of John Patrick at Long Bay, tied up the horse and walked into the house. Finding no one in the front room, I went on into the bed-room, in the rear of the house, and found two elders down with the ague. Henry D. Wallace, of Salt Lake City, was lying in one corner of the room, and James S. Carlyle, of Mill Creek, in another. My anticipations had been great. All day I had tried to determine for what I was going to Long Bay, and what I would find upon arriving there. I never once thought of elders being in that neighborhood. When I last heard of these two elders they were down near the mouth of the Little Pee Dee river. My expectations had worked me up almost to a fever heat, and when I walked into the room where they were both lying prostrate, I felt that I should collapse. I went to each of the elders in turn, took them by the hands and commanded them to arise in the name of Jesus Christ, and be made whole. They arose and dressed, and rejoiced because the power of God had been made manifest in their behalf. Elder Carlyle returned with me to Pireway, and Elder Wallace came a few days later.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

Elder Albert B. Foulger, writes from Kimberley, South Africa, January 27: "Twenty-two months have passed since I left my loved ones and our dear old mountain home, with a heart full of gratitude to my Heavenly Father for the privilege of becoming an ambassador for the cause of truth. I little realized the encounters that would ensue, but they have only tended to strengthen my testimony and give me greater confidence in the cause which I represent. My heart goes out to the young man who does not take advantage of a mission. You know when the returning missionaries have given their experiences in the field, they almost invariably remark, 'It has been the happiest time of my life,' and the question often presented itself to me, is it really a fact that this is so, or is it because they are at home again and have the satisfaction of knowing that they have been honorably released? Now I am in a position to answer the question to my own satisfaction, and I thank the Lord with all my soul for placing me in a position where my mind is centered upon life and salvation. The work of the Lord is progressing nicely in South Africa, and from all indications the year 1908 is going to be a banner year for the cause of truth with us. A great deal of prejudice is being removed, and many of the people are giving the gospel prayerful investigation."

ON THE ALTAR OF MOTHERHOOD

BY SUSAN YOUNG GATES.

The sweetest flowers are not always those which glow richly or noisily by the highway. Often the quiet blossoms, sheltering beneath the oak, or climbing in quiet beauty to the mountain steeps, are rarer, sweeter and of higher worth. So some of life's holiest women have dwelt quietly apart from the public gaze. There should be honor for the brave hearted ones who face the storms on the public highways; yet there should be equal remembering for those who flinch not while breasting the winds of life in quieter places. Only those who have plucked and worn a flower from life's most sheltered and carefully trained recesses, can know how doubly prized such blossoms are! Only those who have loved and lost a cherished spirit of quiet yet exalted character, may know the aching void which silence and separation press upon the soul of him who is bereft.

Louie E. Shurtliff Smith was the daughter of President Lewis W. Shurtliff, of the Weber stake of Zion, and only daughter of her mother, Emily Wainwright Shurtliff. She was born June 16, 1876, in Plain City, Weber Co. At the time of her birth her father was bishop of that place; later the family moved to Ogden, and, as is well known, her father was chosen as the spiritual head of the Weber stake. Louie's school training was received in the public schools of Ogden, finishing her high school course in the Weber stake academy, graduating in 1894. She entered the University of Utah, in September, 1894, covering a four year's course in three years, and graduating in 1897. It was while boarding at the home of President Joseph F. Smith that she became acquainted with her future husband. She was domiciled at his mother's home, and the exacting relations of a long, inti-

mate acquaintance under these circumstance only served to bring out in brighter measure the beauty and charm of Louie's refined and intelligent nature. An abiding affection sprang up between the eldest son of the home, Joseph F. Smith, Jr., and the young girl student from Weber.

Returning to her Ogden home, Louie taught school during the year 1897-8, and on April 26, 1898, she became the wife of Joseph F. Smith, Jr. The ceremony took place in the Salt Lake Temple



Louie Shurtliff Smith, Wife of Joseph F. Smith, Jr., a member of the
General Board Y. M. M. I. A.

and was performed by President Smith. The young couple dwelt under the parental roof for a few months, when the husband was called on a foreign mission. During the years 1898-1901, while he was on a mission to Great Britain, Louie lived with her parents, taking a position in the Ross book store. Who may compute the heroism of the women who toil and sacrifice at home

while their husbands are out upon the firing line with the gospel message? We would revolt at the necessity for such cruel experiences, only that we see ever the splendid consequences in the richness and noble breadth begotten by these sacrifices, in both the missionaries who go out and in their wives and mothers whom they leave behind.

Once more settled happily in her home life with her husband, Louie engaged in the work of redemption for the dead, her recent past having expanded her sympathies for the helpless ones behind the veil, for whom she could open the door of salvation. She therefore engaged in temple work in the Salt Lake Temple during the years 1901-2.

Since that time she devoted her tender sympathies and her efficient labors to the comfort and rearing of her family. She was not a strong girl, physically, and her sensitive soul was never more at rest than when ministering to her loved ones in the home circle. She was the mother of two little girls, Josephine, born September 18, 1902, and Julina, born February 6, 1906. After her husband was called into active public life she was proudly content to redouble her own efforts to make her home the haven of rest it was for both happy children and busy husband. As one of the Church historians, as a member of the Y. M. M. I. A. General Board, and as a member of the Salt Lake Stake High Council, her husband's life was necessarily fraught with much sacrifice of home-life and personal comfort; yet his good wife, like hundreds of her sisters in this Church, rejoiced in that renunciation, fully conscious of the blessedness awaiting them because of that labor, both here and hereafter.

We have spoken of Louie as a devoted wife; she was also a most exemplary mother. She not only proved that devotion by years of toil and sacrifice, but she offered up at the last her life upon the altar of motherhood. Shall not such be numbered with the martyrs?

For several months her health failed under the added burden of a longed-for future blessedness; nerves and body failed to respond to a willing and patient spirit; and for some inscrutable reason known only to the Discoverer of all secrets, Louie Shurtliff Smith was called to her Father's home on the 30th of March,

1908. Her mother was passionately devoted to this lovely and devoted daughter; the tender comradeship between these two was an inspiration to those who knew them best; Louie was the pride of her parents, and the joy of her father's friends and associates; during those last hours the mother's presence at her daughter's bedside soothed much of the pain and softened many of the pangs. Not for long were these two parted, after Louie was stricken with her mortal illness. If she was precious to her husband, she was no less the priceless treasure of her mother's heart. And so, it was a broken household which awakened to the loss of this young wife and daughter.

The funeral services were held at the Seventeenth Ward chapel, under the direction of Bishop Tingey, on Thursday, April 2, at 11 a. m. A large company of mourning friends came down from Ogden to attend the services. Among them were President C. F. Middleton, John V. Bluth, the stake clerk, ten members of the High Council, Bishops John Watson and Robert McQuarrie, a representative of the Ogden press, and many relatives and friends, and they were joined by many former Ogden friends now residing in Salt Lake City.

The following is taken from the account of the beautiful funeral services, in the Ogden *Examiner*.

At the chapel there were in attendance of the general authorities, each member of the first presidency, seven members of the council of Twelve, several members of the first council of Seventy, Presiding Bishop C. W. Nibley and others. The speakers were Bishop John Watson of Ogden Fifth Ward, the deceased having been a member of his ward for many years before moving to Salt Lake City, though his association with her had been mainly in the Sabbath schools; Elder David O. McKay, Elder George A. Smith, and Elder John Henry Smith, all of whom spoke of the example she had set as a true wife and a noble mother, of her purity of life, and the self-sacrificing devotion which had been such a marked characteristic of her married life.

Particularly touching were the words of cheer and comfort to the bereaved husband whose loss was accentuated by the exceptional qualities of the beloved companion who had left him and her two babes for the great beyond. In the hope of a reunion to come where there shall be no more parting, no more sorrow and no grief, and in the feeling that she was one of God's beloved, lay the strength and the comfort of the words of consolation offered the grief-stricken husband and father.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

(Held in Salt Lake City, April 4, 5, 6, 1908.)

In the opening address of President Joseph F. Smith at the 78th annual conference of the Church, many important and timely topics were touched upon. A perusal of this address will give a good insight into the subjects treated and the business transacted at the conference, which was without doubt the most largely attended gathering of any heretofore held. In his opening remarks President Smith expressed himself delighted with the large attendance, and the interest manifested by the people; and thankful and grateful to our Heavenly Father for his mercy and kindness to the Saints during the past year. He said:

The hand of the Lord is over his people, and his eye is upon his work—never was it more so than is visible at the present time. It is true that we owe to him our deliverance from our enemies, from those who have sought our hurt and who are still seeking our hurt. We acknowledge the hand of him who overrules all things, for we do not claim to possess the wisdom, the knowledge, or the power, in and of ourselves, to accomplish that which has been accomplished, or to effect the deliverance that has been wrought out for the people of God since the incipiency of this work. We realize that it has been by the favor and mercy and protecting care of Almighty God that his people and his work of redemption, established in the latter days through the Prophet Joseph Smith, have been preserved and brought to their present standing, power and influence in the midst of the earth. We thank God for his

mercies and blessings; and I do not know but what we owe in some small degree gratitude to those who have bitterly opposed the work of the Lord; for in all their opposings and bitter strife against our people, the Lord has developed his power and wisdom, and has brought his people more fully into the knowledge and favor of the intelligent people of the earth. Through the very means used by those who have opposed the work of God, He has brought out good for Zion. Yet, it is written, and I believe it is true, that although it must needs be that offenses come, woe unto them by whom they come; but they are in the hands of the Lord as we are. We bring no railing accusation against them. We are willing to leave them in the hands of the Almighty to deal with them as seemeth him good. Our business is to work righteousness in the earth, to seek for the development of a knowledge of God's will and of God's ways, and of his great and glorious truths which he has revealed through the instrumentality of Joseph the Prophet, not only for the salvation of the living but for the redemption and salvation of the dead.

I rejoice as much today—and more, if I am capable of rejoicing more—in the work of the Lord than I ever did before. I feel today as confident and as sure in the continued providences of the Lord, in his continued mercy toward his people, and in the glorious fact that it is his work, that he is directing it and will continue to do so, as I ever felt in my life. Indeed, there is not the shadow of a doubt in my mind in regard to these things. I feel confident of the truth of God's work, of the mission of the Prophet Joseph, of the truth and divinity of the precious ordinances of the gospel that have been restored to man in the latter day, and I believe that this gospel is the power of God unto salvation. I feel sure of it.

TEMPERANCE.

I will say to my brethren and sisters who are present that I believe, in all candor and truth, that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, now organized in the midst of these eternal hills, was never in a better condition, spiritual or temporal, than

today. The people never were more united than they are now. They never observed the laws of God more faithfully, or more truly and honestly than they are doing today, not only upon general principles, or in a general way, but specifically they are becoming more careful in their observance of the words that the Lord has spoken for their good. I believe that we are coming nearer to the point where we shall be able to observe that great and glorious law of temperance which the Lord Almighty has given to us, wherein he has said that strong drink is not good, that tobacco is not for the habitual use of man, not for the stomach, but for sick cattle. We are coming to the conclusion that the Lord knew best, when he delivered to the Church, through the Prophet Joseph Smith, that "Word of Wisdom," contained in the book of revelations from the Lord. Although we see a few, professing to be Latter-day Saints, who are still slaves to the debased appetite for tobacco, and perhaps some with an appetite for strong drink, yet the great majority of the people of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints are coming nearer and nearer to a proper observance of the law which the Lord has given to us for our health, for the preservation of our lives; that we may be in harmony with his Spirit and his will, that we may be clean and undefiled, that we may be nearer like unto him who was without sin. Who was indeed pure and holy as God is pure and holy. When I see a man professing to be a Latter-day Saint, or even professing to be a member of the Church, though not making any great professions of being a Latter-day Saint, befouling his breath with intoxicating drink, with the fumes of tobacco, or by the use of any unnecessary stimulants, it grieves my spirit, my soul goes out for him in pity and in sorrowful regret, and I wonder why it is that we, individually, cannot realize our own folly, our own degradation in yielding to these pernicious habits that are neither useful nor ornamental, nor in the least degree beneficial, but indeed are harmful. Why cannot we rise to that degree of intelligence that would enable us to say to the tempter, "Get behind me," and to turn our backs upon the practice of evil. How humiliating it must be to a thoughtful man to feel that he is a slave to his appetites, or to an over-weening and pernicious habit, desire, or passion! We

believe in strict temperance. We believe in abstinence from all injurious practices and from the use of all hurtful things. Poison, in the judgment of the physician, may be beneficial, under some conditions in life, as a momentary relief; but poison, under any circumstance, should only be used as a temporary expedient, necessary, perhaps, in our best judgment, for the time being, for the instant—for sudden and certain desired reliefs—but the continued use of that poison will fasten its fangs upon us, so to speak, in such a way that by and by we will find that we are over-powered by it, and we become slaves of the pernicious habit that becomes a tyrannical master over us.

There is a general movement throughout the land looking towards local option and temperance among the people of our state, and of the adjoining states. I sincerely hope that every Latter-day Saint will co-operate with this movement, in order that we may curtail the monstrous evils which exist, especially in our cities. I wish to say that I am in sympathy with this movement, and I know that my brethren are united with me and in harmony with the efforts that are being made to establish temperance throughout the land. We want nothing drastic, nothing that would be illiberal or oppressive, but we do think that the people ought to have their choice as to whether they will permit or have in their midst drunkenness, rioting, and murder—which is too often the result of drunkenness—or whether they will insist on abstinence from these things, that the people might have peace insured among them, and that their children might not be subjected to the temptations into which they are thrown because of the presence of these evils.

WORK OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS.

Several very important movements have been inaugurated of late among us for the advantage of the Saints, and especially for the benefit and advancement of those who are associated with the various quorums of the Priesthood. I desire to mention the effort that is being made by our Seventies in their organization of classes and schools for the instruction of the members of their quorums.

that they might be qualified for the great work of the ministry to which they are dedicated. Efforts are also being made to organize and put to usefulness the quorums of the Lesser Priesthood. In my judgment we are progressing rapidly in these directions. It is also understood that those of the Melchizedek Priesthood, the presidents of High Priests' quorums, and the High Priests throughout the Church are instituting methods by which those who are members of these quorums may learn their duty and become familiar with the laws of the Church, which should govern their actions, that they may be, indeed, fathers among the people, exercising the functions that belong to their calling as High Priests in Zion or in the Church. They should be examplars; they should be teachers. They should understand, above all other men, the principles of government and the order of the Church. They should move forward solidly in the exercise of their influence, individually and collectively, against all evil, against the spirit of indifference, the spirit of neglect and unbelief. Every man who holds the office of High Priest in the Church or has been ordained a High Priest, whether he is called to active position in the Church or not—inasmuch as he has been ordained a High Priest, should feel that he is obliged—that it is his bounden duty, to set an example before the old and young worthy of emulation, and to place himself in a position to be a teacher of righteousness, not only by precept, but more particularly by example—giving to the younger ones the benefit of experience of age, and thus becoming individually a power in the midst of the communities in which they dwell. Every man who has light should let that light shine that those who see it may glorify their Father which is in heaven, and honor him who possesses the light and who causes it to shine forth for the benefit of others. In a local capacity there is no body of Priesthood in the Church who should excel, or who are expected to excel, those who are called to bear the office of High Priests in the Church. From among those who hold this office are chosen the presidents of stakes and their counselors, and the High Councils of the fifty-six stakes of Zion which are now organized; and from this office are chosen the bishops, and the bishop's counselors in every ward in Zion; and heretofore, of this office are those who have been called

to take charge of our stake Mutual Improvement organizations. Those holding this office are, as a rule, men of advanced years, and varied experience, men who have filled missions abroad, who have preached the gospel to the nations of the earth and who have had experience not only abroad but at home. Their experience and wisdom is the ripened fruit of years of labor in the Church, and they should exercise that wisdom for the benefit of all with whom they are associated.

The Seventies are laboring for the purpose of qualifying themselves for the work of the ministry abroad among the nations of the earth, which is their legitimate calling. I commend the efforts of our brethren of the Seven Presidents of Seventies in their endeavor to bring about the good results they have in view in this direction.

The Elders' quorums should also be looked after, and those who preside in them should be active in season and out of season. They should be vigilant and faithful in looking after those intrusted to their care, and who are subject to their direction and counsel.

The Bishops and the Lesser Priesthood should be very active and energetic. We should look after our boys who have been ordained Deacons and Teachers and Priests in the Church. We should find something for them to do in their callings. Let them be appointed to active labors in their several spheres. Put forward those who have not had experience to accompany those who have, and give them something to do. Let the Deacons not only assist to keep the meeting houses in repair, and their grounds in proper condition, but let them be set to work to look after the widows and fatherless, the aged and the poor. Many of our young men who are idle, languishing for the want of something to do, could be made useful in helping the poor to clean up about their homes and make them comfortable, and helping to live in such a way that life would be pleasant to them. There is no reason why the members of the Lesser Priesthood should not be engaged in missions and labors of this kind, instead of calling upon the Trustee-in-trust for the tithing to pay for planting trees to ornament the grounds of the meeting houses, or to paint the wood-

work, or to renovate and cleanse the houses of worship, to make them suitable for the worship of God—call the Lesser Priesthood to the work. Give them something to do that will make them interested in the work of the Lord; and above all things direct their energies in such a way that they will be helpful to the needy, helpful to the poor, helpful to themselves and to the Church. It will benefit them not only as regards their standing in the Church, and their faith in the Priesthood which they bear, but it will help them to become better boys at home. They will be more dutiful to their parents, more respectful to their brothers and sisters and others. They will become more mindful of their duties at home and abroad. This is in the line of discipline, of instruction and of gaining practical experience. Instead of leaving these young people, who are full of energy, to roam the streets, to congregate upon the corners, or to idle away their time in folly and in contracting, perhaps, foolish habits and practices, give them something to do that will be uplifting, something that will be enlarging to their souls, and that will be an instruction to them that they will remember all their days.

OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

I want to say also that so far as I know, and I think that we have the opportunity of knowing pretty well,—the condition of our auxiliary organizations is satisfactory. As a general thing they are in good condition. We may lack in some things, but as a whole our auxiliary organizations are active and energetic and are working constantly for individual and general good. I believe that there is a feeling of harmony existing between all these associations one with another. There is no strife existing among them, there is no contention. Indeed the spirit of contention is a thing not known among the Latter-day Saints. You find the spirit of contention only among apostates and those who have denied the faith, those who have turned away from the truth and have become enemies to God and his work. There you will find the spirit of contention, the spirit of strife. There you will find them wanting to “argue the question,” and to dispute with you all the time. Their food, their meat and their drink is contention which is

abominable in the sight of the Lord. We do not contend. We are not contentious, for if we were, we would grieve the Spirit of the Lord from us, just as apostates do and have always done.

MISSIONARY STATISTICS.

I have some data here that I thought I would mention in a general way.

One item is the number of missionaries laboring in the world—that is, elders sent out from Zion into the mission field: On the 31st of last December we had 1,810 missionaries from Zion out in the various mission fields in the world. There were also forty-four sisters who have accompanied their husbands upon their missions. Besides these, there are a number of local elders working in the ministry.

We sent out, during the year 1907, into the various missionary fields 927 elders, who will spend from two to four years on their missions.

There have returned from the various mission fields, during the year 1907, 707 elders.

In this connection I wish to mention the fact that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, through their Trustee-in-Trust, has paid the returning fares of all these elders. They go out into the world at their own expense. They maintain themselves in their missions, at their own expense, or by the assistance of their parents or kindred at home, and the little assistance that they may receive from time to time from the people among whom they labor.

I have another list, which is too long to be given here today, showing the number of elders in the mission field from each stake of Zion. We can tell you in a moment just how many elders each stake has in the mission field; but I feel that to continue longer would be to trespass upon your time.

I pray God to bless you. I feel joyous and happy in the ministry, in the work of the Lord.

We will hear, during the conference, reports from other quarters. A very careful and exhaustive auditation of the accounts and books, the receipts and expenditures of the tithing, for the

last year, has been made by the Auditing Committee of the Church.

A NEW AUDITOR.

It just comes to my mind that Elder Charles W. Nibley, having been called to the Presiding Bishopric, has been released from the Auditing Committee, and Brother Henry H. Rolapp, of Ogden, has been appointed to act in his stead. I would like to submit the name of Brother Henry H. Rolapp before this meeting for your approval and acceptance to act upon this committee. (Vote unanimous).

WE SEEK FOR AND BELIEVE IN TRUTH.

The general authorities of the Church will be presented possibly tomorrow, and if not then, the next day. We desire the brethren and sisters who come to the conference to come with their hearts full of the spirit of wisdom and of truth, and if you discern in us any lack of wisdom, or of judgment, any failure in the performance of our duty, we desire that those who have superior experience and knowledge and greater intelligence will do us the honor and favor of coming to us individually and letting us know wherein we come short. We will give a thousand errors, if we can find them or if they exist in us,—any moment for one truth; and we will swap off a hundred mistakes, aye thousands of mistakes if they can be found, for one accurate, consistent and proper action. We are seeking for the truth. We love the truth, and we know when we learn the truth that it is the truth. We believe in the divine mission of Christ and in his great plan of redemption for the living and the dead. We believe in the divine mission of Joseph Smith the Prophet. We believe in every word that he spoke by the inspiration of Almighty God, and not one word that he ever uttered or gave as a revelation from God will fall to the ground as error, but it will stand upon its own merit as truth, God's truth, eternal truth,—“while life and thought and being last or immortality endures.” This is our testimony to the divinity of the mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and to the divine revelations that the Lord made, through him, to the world.

God help us to receive the truth and abide by it, is my prayer, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

SELF-CONTROL, ITS KINGSHIP AND MAJESTY.

We are pleased to announce to our readers that arrangements have been made for the right to print in the IMPROVEMENT ERA, beginning in June, sixteen chapters under the above caption, by William George Jordan, the author of *Great Truths*. One of the following subjects will appear in each number of the ERA, and we are confident our readers will be delighted with these essays which contain in epigrammatic form such counsel on the right attitude toward life as is universally needed. The essays are very helpful to all, and are each worth the price of our magazine to any young man, and especially to him who is just starting out in life for himself:

"The Kingship of Self-Control," "The Crimes of the Tongue," "The Red Tape of Duty," "The Supreme Charity of the World," "Worry, the Great American Disease," "The Greatness of Simplicity," "Living Life Over Again," "Syndicating Our Sorrows," "The Revelations of Reserve Power," "The Majesty of Calmness," "Hurry the Scourge of America," "The Power of Personal Influence," "The Dignity of Self-Reliance," "Failure as a Success," "Doing our Best at All Times," "The Royal Road to Happiness."

We hope through these and other first class articles in store for our readers, to retain every subscriber we have for this volume for Vol. 12, which begins in November, and to add many new ones to our list.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS.

Elder C. Elmer Barrett writing from Darmstadt, Germany, March 12, says: "I am enjoying my work well, and the Lord is blessing us abundantly here in Germany, although we have opposition now and then from the police; yet the work goes on, and it will continue to go on, for the Lord is at the helm. The ERA is a great help to us in our work."

Elder John A. Southwick died in the Thames Hospital, Thames, New Zealand, March 12, 1908. He was born in Lehi, Utah, February 20, 1883, but spent most of his life in Springville. He had been in the mission field since November 7, 1904, and had been released to return home when he took sick. His body was brought to Utah for burial, by Elder George B. Andrus. Funeral was held in Lehi, April 13. His companions loved him and declared him to be a humble, upright, and persevering man whose whole soul was enwrapped in his labors.

Elder F. N. Parkinson, writing under date of March 6, says: 'I write from Berlin, one of the world's largest cities, renowned for its cleanliness and grandeur. Let me say a word of encouragement to my young brothers and sisters. In the early days of the Church, advantages which we now have were not given to our elders. There were no Brigham Young Colleges, universities, or stake academies, or Church publications as we now have. It is different now, God has blessed us with the gift of opportunity, and George H. Lorimer says: 'The only favor that a good man needs is an opportunity to do the best work that is in him.' If you wish to do the best work, and defend the truth, and do it intelligently, use the many helps now afforded you. Pray to God for thoughts, free speech and the Spirit, and forget not that he has already done much to prepare your way. Do as President Penrose says: 'Work, work, work, and then you may pray, Heavenly Father make us proficient servants in thy sight.' Spring is here, and it inspires our hearts to work, and we feel that God is showering his blessings down upon us, because friends are inviting us to explain the gospel in their homes, and many attend our meetings.'

Elder Nephi Otteson, writing from Idaho Falls, Idaho, March 1, says: 'I was very much interested in the article in the March ERA, 'Fragments of Church History,' interested doubly from the fact that I had a long talk with Benjamin Winchester a few months before his death. In the early part of 1900, Elder Fred Crook and I were laboring as elders in Council Bluffs, Iowa, and learning that Winchester was living in that city, we determined to call on him. We found a feeble old man, and while his mental faculties and memory were remarkably clear, especially concerning the Prophet and early scenes of Church history, he seemed nervous and reluctant concerning his reason for leaving the Church. He was now a spiritualist and had the haunted look peculiar to those of that profession. We learned many things of interest from the old gentleman, but the most important of these, because of its significance, was the fact that the Prophet Joseph married one of his sisters; and as Josephites are numerous in Council Bluffs, they had little to say in Benjamin Winchester's presence concerning Brigham Young being the originator of plural marriage.

"Knowing that he had preached 'Mormonism' for years, and had traveled thousands of miles to teach the world that an angel had given into the hands of Joseph Smith the metallic record of the Book of Mormon, and had testified that it had been translated by the power of God; also that he had suffered persecution; had been driven with the Saints; had been a close associate of Joseph and Hyrum, Oliver and Rigdon, I asked him, 'In view of your present attitude toward the

'Mormon' Church, how do you explain its origin?" He was thoughtful for a few moments and then he answered, 'I do not know unless the spirit of Moroni or some other leading person who had taken part in the history of America's past came and told Joseph about it.' In other words, his apparent explanation was that possibly Joseph was a medium. Benjamin Winchester had left the Church and now professed to believe that its teachings were not the true Gospel to which he had been instrumental in converting so many souls. Yet his explanation was significant for, though an apostate, he did not attribute the authorship to Joseph, nor Oliver, nor to Sidney Rigdon, nor Spaulding, nor did he even deny its truthfulness."

Elder G. N. Curtis, president of the Minnesota conference writes from Minneapolis, April 15, 1908: "One day last week I went to the public library to secure some statistics. While there I was greatly pleased to find our valuable magazine, the IMPROVEMENT ERA on the library shelves. The March number had the cover torn off and many thumb prints and marks, and the general appearance showed that many people had read it. Although the April number had been there but a short time, yet it shows that many readers have used it. Our own people take the ERA, so all the readers have been strangers or investigators. In this way the ERA is doing a great missionary work, for people will read the excellent articles contained therein and calmly consider each part, and a much better or greater impression might be made than if an elder should tell the same things. I rejoice in the work the ERA does, and I always anxiously look for its arrival.

"The Minnesota conference is in a very prosperous condition. The Lord has greatly blessed the people of Minnesota. The finest people in the world live in Minnesota, and Minneapolis is an ideal home. No other city offers greater opportunity to become wealthy and happy. During the past few winter months all the professional men, business men, and nearly all the ministers, have been visited by the elders, and very few will be left with the excuse, 'I never heard of 'Mormonism.' Many souls have been warned of the coming judgments and all we have met have been called to repentance. There is no better way to show growth than to compare figures, for 'they cannot lie.' We shall use the Book of Mormon sales for comparison during the first three months of 1907 and 1908 in the Minnesota conference: During January, 1907, twenty-two elders sold twelve Books of Mormon; during January, 1908, twenty-two elders sold seventy-six Books of Mormon; during February, 1907, twenty-two elders sold seventeen Books of Mormon; during February, 1908, twenty-four elders sold one hundred eighty Books of Mormon; during March, 1907, twenty elders sold twenty-three Books of Mormon; during March, 1908, twenty-four elders sold two hundred four Books of Mormon.

"Every other branch of missionary work shows the same great increase, but lack of space forbids a detailed comparison. Our records show that when the Book of Mormon sales increase all other branches of the work increase, which fact is an additional incentive to place the divine Book of Mormon in the hands of every honest person. God is surely blessing us, and we thank him for it."

SEVENTY'S COUNCIL TABLE.

BY B. H. ROBERTS, MEMBER OF THE FIRST COUNCIL.

All Seventies Subject to Mission Calls.—In a letter recently read before the First Council it was discovered that some Seventies entertain the idea that the members of our quorums at present engaged in Sunday school work were exempt from calls to do missionary labor in the world; and in some instances it appears that the presidents have refrained from considering their names for missions, because of their connection with the Sunday schools. This should not be. Our brethren at present connected with the Sunday schools are just as subject to calls to the mission fields as those not so connected; and it is the wish of the First Council that the councils of the respective quorums should consider the names of these brethren as freely as they canvas the names of brethren not engaged in such work. Because for a time a Seventy's services were needed in the Sunday school it does not follow that he is to be deprived of an opportunity to discharge the special functions of his calling in the priesthood in filling a mission to the nations of the earth. Work in the Sunday school by our Seventies is not to operate as a bar to their enjoyment of the rights and privileges of Seventies, including the right and privilege to go upon missions when able, to pay the annual general fund, such quorum funds as may be determined upon as necessary to meet the quorum expenses, assist missionaries, purchase books for quorum libraries and the like. Indeed, the work in the Sunday schools interferes with the work and privileges of the Seventies who are engaged in it only to the extent of keeping them, for the time being, from attendance upon the Seventies class exercises on Sunday morning between the hours of ten and twelve. All the time they are Seventies, and subject to be called upon to do Seventies' work, except for the time on Sunday morning designated; and we hope to see Seventies now engaged in Sunday school work relieved in the near future.

The Seventies and the Sunday Schools.—*Apropos* to what is said above respecting the Seventies and Sunday school work, we desire to call attention to the fact that six months have passed since the inauguration of the new working conditions for our Seventies quorums. At the time of adjusting matters between the Seventies quorums and the Sunday schools, some of our members were temporarily excused from the quorum classes until other men could be found to fill their places. Complaint occasionally reaches the First Council that after the lapse of six months these brethren have not been released from their temporary service in the Sunday school work. The question arises, Has due diligence been exercised to find brethren to take the places of the Seventies in Sunday school work? In some

cases we are satisfied it has not; and we suggest to our local councils that they take the matter up with the proper local officers in behalf of the members of their quorums, detained from participating in our Seventies' class work, and insist upon their release at the earliest possible day. Also we call attention to the fact that after the adjustment of affairs between our quorums and the Sunday schools last October and November, we do not understand that our quorums thereafter are to be invaded and members thereof taken into Sunday school work. Our members are in special training for the foreign ministry of the Church and should be let alone. Emphatically we do say that it is not the prerogative of the auxiliary organizations to interfere with the quorums of the priesthood, and they should be respectfully asked by our local councils to let our quorums of Seventies alone; they are not properly subject to interference from auxiliary organizations. And when some absolutely necessary conditions arise that call for the services of our Seventies outside their quorum labor and appointments, and in conflict with them, common courtesy, to say nothing of the principles of Church government involved, requires that the men who preside over the Seventies should be consulted by the local authorities dealing with said conditions; consultation with the local councils when the members of the quorum are involved in the contemplated changes, and with the First Council if the changes affect the presidents of quorums.

Jesus and the Melchizedek Priesthood.—"How, when and by whom did the Savior receive the Melchizedek Priesthood?" This question has been asked a very great many times of late. Six letters from various quarters are now before us, which in various forms ask the above question. In answer we are under the necessity of saying, frankly, we do not know; and the reason for that absence of knowledge ought to appear on very slight reflection. That authority of God which we call "Melchizedek Priesthood" was anciently called by the Church "The Holy Priesthood After the Order of the Son of God; but out of respect or reverence to the name of the Supreme Being, to avoid a too frequent repetition of his name, they, the Church in ancient days, called that priesthood after Melchizedek, or the Melchizedek Priesthood." (Doc. and Cov., sec. 107). This passage clearly establishes the fact that the Melchizedek Priesthood existed before the great High Priest Melchizedek, but that it existed under another name, *viz*—"The Holy Priesthood after the order of the Son of God." That is to say, it was the same kind of priesthood, the same order of priesthood, that the Son of God held. But this was before the days of Melchizedek, before Abraham, and hence hundreds of years before the birth of the Christ into the world. Jesus therefore held a priesthood in his pre-existent state, and the priesthood like unto it held by men afterwards in this world, in very early days, was called "The Holy Priesthood after the order of the Son of God;" and subsequently the Melchizedek Priesthood, for the reason already given. Jesus, then, held what we call now the Melchizedek Priesthood before he appeared in this world, and doubtless before the world itself was formed, and it was called by his name, the Holy Priesthood After the Order of the Son of God, but "how, where and by whom" he received it, no man knoweth, except perhaps as to the last, *viz*., "by whom." He must, of course, have received it of God.

Of Joseph Smith Seeing God.—Nearly always connected with the question considered in the preceding paragraph is the further question: "How could Joseph Smith see God before he was ordained to the Melchizedek Priesthood, since the revelations of God say that without possessing this high priesthood "no man can see the face of God and live?" (Doc. and Cov., sec. 84: 22). After reading the preceding paragraph respecting Jesus and the Melchizedek Priesthood the answer to this present question is obvious; *viz.*, that as Jesus held the Holy Priesthood—afterwards called by his name—in his pre-existent estate, so, too, others who have figured prominently in the development of the purposes of God in this world may have held the Holy Priesthood after the order of the Son of God, or the Melchizedek Priesthood, in their pre-existent estate; and that fact may account for some things that otherwise would appear incongruous, the question here considered among others. "Every man," says the Prophet Joseph, "who has a calling to minister to the inhabitants of the world was ordained to that very purpose in the grand council of heaven before this world was. I suppose that I was ordained to this very office [alluding to his being President of the Church, Prophet, Seer and Revelator of the Church] in that grand council." (The Prophet's remarks on Priesthood, *Millennial Star*, vol. 23: p. 472). Accepting this as true, all mystery of seeing God without the Melchizedek Priesthood disappears.

In this same connection the question is also asked: "Did Joseph Smith see God and his Son Jesus Christ in his mortal body, with his mortal eyes?" In answer to this we would simply say that the brethren have all the data before them that we have, and each for himself must draw his own conclusion as to what state the Prophet was in when he beheld the Lord. His account of the circumstance is as follows: After his account of being delivered from the powers of darkness, he says—"I saw a pillar of light exactly over my head, above the brightness of the sun, which descended gradually until it fell upon me. It no sooner appeared than I found myself delivered from the enemy which held me bound. When the light rested upon me I saw two personages, whose brightness and glory defy all description, standing above me in the air. One of them spake unto me, calling me by name, and pointing to the other said—'*This is my beloved Son, hear him!*'" Now, whether the Father and the Son left their abode and came to the earth and stood before the Prophet and said these words, and he saw them just as he would have seen a man who walked into his presence, or whether his natural vision was quickened and extended to the personal presence of the Father and the Son, this writer does not know. As before remarked, all the data is before each reader, let him judge for himself. The splendid fact is, and that is and should be our main concern, the Prophet did see the Lord. The "how" of it—whether the Lord came within the range of the Prophet's natural vision, or that the Prophet's vision was extended to the presence of the Lord—is of small moment. God revealed himself and his Son Jesus, the Christ, to Joseph Smith and made him a witness for the great truth of the existence of God; of his being, and the kind of being he is, and his relationship to the children of men. Let us rejoice in this great truth, without being over anxious as to the "how" of it.

The New Testament.—By the time the May number of the ERA is in the hands of the Seventies the quorum classes will have started upon their study of the "Christian Scriptures—the New Testament." Recently, when visiting a quorum, and the first lesson in part three of the Year Book was assigned to the quorum class—the first lesson on the New Testament—one of the presidents gave a great sigh of relief and expressed his pleasure at being through with the Old Testament. "Now," said he; "we shall have something we know more about, and something that more nearly concerns us." The writer was surprised at the comment; for he has always found the Old Testament quite as interesting as the New, and in some respects more so. As literature, the Old Testament certainly outranks the New, and the wonderful spirit of prophecy which permeates it, as also the nature of the predictions themselves—many of which deal with events yet future and interlock with our own times and the dispensation with which we and our posterity are and will be connected—make the Old Hebrew Scriptures intensely interesting. However, as it is natural for men to be most interested in those things of which they have some knowledge, and about which they can still learn more, and as with Christians generally it is supposed that the New Testament is of more importance to them than the Old Hebrew Scriptures, and for that reason is given pre-eminence, there may be many who will share the sense of relief expressed by the president here referred to, now that we have entered upon our hasty survey of the New Testament. It is to be hoped that due importance will be attached to the study of this collection of books. They contain the record of the events of the dispensation of the Meridian of Times in the eastern hemisphere; the record of the atonement made by Jesus Christ, the Son of God for a world's sins. They set forth the revelation of God to the world in the person and character of Jesus the Christ. It is quite possible that Latter-day Saints have never fully appreciated the importance either of the dispensation of the Meridian of Time or its record. Absorbed with the contemplation of the greatness of the dispensation of the Fulness of Times, they may have failed to do justice to the dispensation that preceded the one with which we are associated. If so, now is a good time for the seventy elders of the Church to correct that error by learning and then teaching the importance of the Meridian dispensation as it may be learned from the New Testament. That dispensation of the gospel which witnessed the actual atonement of the Redeemer; that brings forth and gives to the world the supreme revelation of God in the person and character of Jesus, the Christ, the very Son of God; so that henceforth the world need be in no doubt as to the "being" of God, and the kind of "being" he is—for Jesus was not only the brightness of the Father's glory but also the express image of his person and character; for he was God manifested in the flesh: (Heb. i: 3; I Tim. 3: 16, and marginal reading of "manifest" in Oxford Bibles) the dispensation of the gospel we say, that gives this knowledge to the world so that henceforth none need say, "know ye the Lord," for all may know him through the Christ, is a very great and a very important dispensation. We commend the study of it to the witnesses for the Lord Jesus Christ—the Seventies.

MUTUAL WORK.

ANNUAL Y. M. AND Y. L. M. I. A. CONFERENCE.

The Thirteenth General Annual Conference of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will be held in Salt Lake City, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 12, 13, and 14, 1908.

All officers and members of the associations are requested to be present at all of the meetings of the conference, and a cordial invitation is hereby extended to the Saints generally to attend the meetings to be held in the Tabernacle on Sunday, June 14, at two and seven o'clock p. m.

ALPHA J. HIGGS,
Secretary Y. M. M. I. A.

JOSEPH F. SMITH,
General Supt. Y. M. M. I. A.

ANN M. CANNON,
Secretary Y. L. M. I. A.

MARTHA H. TINGEY,
President Y. L. M. I. A.

DETAILS OF THE ANNUAL M. I. A. CONFERENCE MEETINGS.

On Friday, June 12, in the Assembly hall at 2 o'clock p. m. an informal reception will be held. On Friday evening, commencing at 8 o'clock, a complementary entertainment to the visiting delegates will be given by the General Boards, in the Odeon, at No. 26 E. No. Temple St.

The Young Men's Officers meetings will be held in the Assembly hall, on Saturday at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. The Young Ladies' will meet in Barratt Hall on Saturday at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m.

The conjoint general officers' meeting will be held Sunday in the Assembly hall at 10 a. m., and general public meetings in the Tabernacle at 2 and 7 o'clock p. m., that day.

All officers and members of the associations are requested to be present at all of the meetings.

Following are the conference committees:

On Program—H. J. Grant, H. S. Tanner, Junius F. Wells, E. Stephens, Mae T. Nystrom, A. C. Tuddenham, Emily C. Adams, Emma Goddard.

On Social—Ruth M. Fox, A. W. Eardley, Elen Wallace, M. B. Talmage, Benj. Goddard, Thomas Hull, L. R. Martineau, D. M. Tood.

On Transportation—Alpha J. Higgs, Ann M. Cannon.

On Music—Evan Stephens, H. S. Ensign, A. C. Tuddenham, Mattie Read Evans.

On Entertainment—B. F. Grant, Rodney C. Badger, Louis A. Kelch, Lewis T. Cannon, Joan Campbell, Augusta W. Grant, Agnes Campbell.

Superintendents of stakes and ward presidents are requested to advertise the conference and do active work to make the gathering a success. Usual conference rates will prevail.

SUMMER WORK.

A number of inquiries have come to this office asking the General Board for suggestions concerning Summer's Work programs. Replying to these, stake superintendents will take note that the General Board will prepare no outlines for Summer's Work this season. They request, however, that stake superintendents, who contemplate holding summer sessions in their stakes, prepare outlines themselves and send copies of same at once to the various ward presidents under their jurisdiction, or else arrange for the ward presidents to outline their own work. A copy of all stake outlines should be sent to this office also.

SUMMER PROGRAMS.

The following program for summer conjoint meetings comes from Box Elder county: 1. Singing by the choir. 2. Prayer. 3. The four following to alternate: congregational singing, solo, duet or quartet. 4. Speech, not to exceed twenty minutes. Subject, "Principles of the Gospel." Text Book, *Articles of Faith*, by Talmage. 5. Music—vocal selection. 6. Speech. Subject, "City, County, State or National Government," to alternate with customs and habits of nations, or temperance talks. 7. Instrumental music or reading. Closing exercises. Meeting not to exceed one hour and fifteen minutes. One hour preferred. Meetings held twice a month—first and third Sunday evening in South end of the stake, and first and fourth, in North end.

THE ERA IN KNIGHTVILLE.

Melvin Wilson, of Payson, writes under date of March 16: "In the past Eras have appeared accounts of the work done by various M. I. A. ward officers in securing subscribers. I desire to give you an account of the work done by the officers in one of the wards in our stake. In the Tintic mining district just east of Eureka is Knightville, a small ward of Saints. Here, among the hardy miners of the camp, we have one of our most progressive associations. Nearly all who live in Knightville are members of the Church, and their work extends much farther than their own community. They have in the ward just twenty-five fami-

lies composed of one hundred fifty-seven souls, yet the work done by this little body in our Mutual Improvement Association is of the highest order. They have one hundred subscribers for the ERA at present, thirty-three of whom are non-members of the Church. Counting the families in the ward, there are 400 per



A. E. Watkins

Perry Fuller

E. F. Birch

cent of them taking the ERA. Counting the souls all told, there are 65 per cent of them who subscribe for it; of course, many are taken by miners who do not live in the ward. I mail a portrait of the presidency: Perry Fuller, president; E. F. Birch, first counselor; A. E. Watkins, second counselor.

BASKET BALL.

The twentieth Ward Basket Ball Team has played since its organization eleven games, winning ten and losing only one, the first game played to the 18th Ward. On Wednesday night, April 15, before 300 spectators in the 20th Ward annex, the 20th Ward defeated the 18th Ward team by the narrow margin of 28 to 23. This was a most exciting and close game. It practically decides the championship of the Ensign Stake Basket Ball League for 1908. The lineup of teams was:

20th Ward		18th Ward
Grant Romney	Left Forward	B. Robbin
Heber Romney	Right Forward	L. Taylor
M. Alonzo Romney	Centre	Frank James
Lennox Sloan	Left Guard	H. Woolley
P. H. Service	Right Guard	Les. Paul

The 20th Ward "Second" Basket Ball team, has not suffered a defeat this season, winning all games by a large margin.—WM. SERVICE.

FROM ENGLAND.

Elder James H. Platt, Oldham, England, writes: "I desire to relate an instance in connection with my mission work, which testifies to me that this is the gospel of Christ, and that God has prophets upon the earth. Just before leaving home, I went to Patriarch John Smith for a blessing. He told me that I would come out into the world and fill an honorable mission and present the gospel to kindred and friends. When I arrived at Liverpool, I expressed a desire to go to the Birmingham conference, but President Grant assigned me to labor in the Manchester conference, and I have thanked the Lord many times for it. What Patriarch Smith said to me has been fulfilled to the very letter. Shortly after coming to the Manchester conference, I was assigned to labor in the Oldham branch, where I have found a number of my father's relatives, and they have treated me very well, and one of them has applied for baptism. A number more are interested in the work, and have given us the privilege of holding cottage meetings at their homes at any time we wish. This is a testimony to me that there are prophets on the earth now, and that this gospel which I have been called out to preach unto the world is the true gospel of Jesus Christ. I can truthfully say that I never spent a happier time in my life than since I came into the mission field. I wish that every young man, and woman for that matter, could have a missionary experience. Nothing can compare with the joy that comes from knowing that you are in God's service and doing his bidding. It opens the eyes of the young who have been reared in Zion. I did not know the value of this gospel until I got out into the world and compared it with the religions instituted by men. The Latter-day Saints are blessed above all other people in comprehending the truth of the gospel, and ought to earnestly prepare themselves to teach it to those who are still in darkness. The place for young people to prepare themselves for this work is in the quorums of the priesthood, the Mutuals and Sunday Schools. The work is in a very prosperous condition in the Oldham branch of the Manchester conference. Our Sunday School and Mutual are fully organized and we are studying the Manual, "Spiritual Growth," and it is greatly enjoyed by all who attend our meetings. Our cottage meetings as well as others are well attended. We lack, however, a suitable place to meet, but the Saints, although few in number, are hard workers, and have started a building fund, so as to build a meeting house of their own. If any one in Zion feels like helping them in this work, contributions may be sent to Mrs. Sophia Mortimer, No. 94 Edward St., Werneth, Oldham, Lancashire, England. My companion, Elder William Glenn, joins me in wishing the ERA every success, and in asking God to bless his people wherever they may be."

EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

BY EDWARD H. ANDERSON.

Battleship "Idaho."—The *Idaho*, the greatest, as well as the newest battleship of the United States navy, was placed in commission on March 27. It was built at Cramp's shipyard, Philadelphia. Utah alone stands without a name on the seas, and we are promised by the government that the next addition to the navy shall be named *Utah*.

The Aldrich Bill.—This currency measure passed the Senate March 27, by a vote of 42 to 16. It provides for the issue of emergency currency to an amount not to exceed half a billion dollars. Banks to which this currency is issued are to deposit as security for it, state, county and municipal bonds, approved by the Secretary of the Treasury, and are to pay for this emergency circulation at the rate of one half of one per cent per month, during the first four months, three-fourths of one per cent per month thereafter as long as it is kept in circulation. It is said that in the House the bill will be vigorously opposed.

Sentence of Lieutenant General Stoessel.—He, it will be remembered, commanded the Russian forces at Port Arthur, and was tried recently by court martial for incapacity and cowardice in surrendering to the Japanese before all possibilities of defense were exhausted. The court sentenced him to death, but recommended the commutation of the sentence, and the Czar who approved both the sentence and the recommendation changed the sentence to ten years imprisonment. General Stoessel is confined to a dark and damp prison, where his wife visits him daily, giving him some delicacy. His private fortune enables him to have the best of food, but it is difficult to understand how a man like Stoessel deserves such harsh punishment from a government so very bad as that which prevails in Russia.

Socialists and Bombs.—After permission had been denied by the police authorities, the Socialist Conference of the Unemployed attempted to hold a public meeting in Union Square, New York, March 28. While the police were clearing the square a bomb exploded in the hands of a man named Silverstein, a member of the Anarchist Federation of America, and seriously injured him and killed a by-

stander. The bomb was intended to be used against a platoon of fifty policemen. Strong expressions of regret over the whole incident are found in the Socialist and Labor press. The New York press is thoroughly awake to the danger lurking in the wide advocacy of anarchistic doctrine promulgated by the New York group of "reds." Emma Goldman, the Chicago anarchist, visited Salt Lake in the early part of April and spoke at three meetings, without incident.

Temperance.—At the opening meeting of the late annual conference, President Joseph F. Smith sounded the keynote touching the liquor question, by stating that the presiding authorities of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints "are in harmony with the efforts towards temperance." (He did not think the people were in favor of adopting radical means to gain this end, but that they would decide this question by reasonable and conservative measures. Local option will perhaps be the best means to begin with, and as the people learn the moral, the peace and financial value that will accrue to them by abolishing the saloons, they will soon unitedly be willing to take more radical measures, and banish liquor from their midst altogether. The Latter-day Saints have been taught for years, in the revelation on the Word of Wisdom, to be temperate, and it should be no difficult task to convince all the people that they are better in every way without liquor. It ought not to be a political question, in the sense that any one political party should make it an issue. Every party should elect men who are in favor of the strictest possible regulation of the liquor traffic, where the sentiment of the people is not yet ripe for more stringent measures, such as local option, or the complete abolition of the saloon, or even prohibition. About the same time that President Smith was expressing himself upon the subject of temperance, the following words were uttered by Governor Hanly in a speech which he made at the Republican state convention of Indiana. This is about the strongest language against the liquor traffic that has been seen in print since the famous arraignment made by Col. Robert Ingersoll to a jury who were trying a case, many years ago. Every young man should preserve it and read it over, now and then. It is a good reading for M. I. A. preliminary programs:

Personally I have seen so much of the evils of the traffic in the last four years, so much of its economic waste, so much of its physical ruin, so much of its mental blight, so much of its tears and heartache, that I have come to regard the business as one that must be held and controlled by strong and effective laws. I bear no malice toward those engaged in the business, but I hate the traffic. I hate its every phase. I hate it for its intolerance. I hate it for its arrogance. I hate it for its hypocrisy. I hate it for its cant and craft and false pretenses. I hate it for its commercialism. I hate it for its greed and avarice. I hate it for its sordid love of gain at any price. I hate it for its domination in politics. I hate it for its corrupting influence in civic affairs. I hate it for its incessant effort to debauch the suffrage of the country; for the cowards it makes of public men. I hate it for its utter disregard of law. I hate it for its ruthless trampling of the solemn compacts of state constitutions. I hate it for the load it straps to labor's back; for the palsied hands it gives to toil; for its wounds to genius; for the tragedies of its might-have-beens. I hate it for the human wrecks it has caused. I hate it for the almshouses it peoples; for the prisons it fills; for the insanity it begets; for its countless graves in potter's fields. I

hate it for the mental ruin it imposes upon its victims; for its spiritual blight; for its moral degeneration. I hate it for the crimes it has committed. I hate it for the homes it has destroyed. I hate it for the hearts it has broken. I hate it for the malice it has planted in the hearts of men—for its poison, for its bitterness—for the dead sea fruit with which it starves their souls.

I hate it for the grief it causes womanhood, the scalding tears, the hopes deferred, the strangled aspirations, its burden of want and care.

I hate it for its heartless cruelty to the aged, the infirm and the helpless, for the shadow it throws upon the lives of children, for its monstrous injustice to blameless little ones.

I hate it as virtue hates vice, as truth hates error, as righteousness hates sin, as justice hates wrong, as liberty hates tyranny, as freedom hates oppression.

I hate it as Abraham Lincoln hated slavery. And as he sometimes saw in prophetic vision the end of slavery and the coming of the time when the sun should shine and the rain should fall upon no slave in all the republic, so I sometimes seem to see the end of this unholy traffic, the coming of the time when, if it does not wholly cease to be, it shall find no safe habitation anywhere beneath "Old Glory's" stainless stars.

Utah-Idaho Sugar Co.—On April 10 this company held its annual stockholders' meeting, electing the following directors: Joseph F. Smith, Thomas R. Cutler, John R. Winder, W. S. McCornick, John C. Cutler, Heber J. Grant, John Henry Smith, George Romney, and Charles W. Nibley.

Out of the 1,110,000 shares 797,000 were represented. The total outlay for 1907 was over four million dollars, out of which \$2,187,395.99 had been paid for 422,532 tons of beets, at an aggregate cost of \$5.17 a ton. The total product of sugar for the year at the six factories of the company exceeded 108,300,500 pounds in the sack, which is 5,000,000 pounds more than was produced in 1906. A dividend of 7 per cent on the preferred stock was set aside. Sugar prices will go up this year, owing to the estimated shortage in the Cuban crops of over 400,000 tons.

Z. C. M. I.—At noon on April 4, the 39th annual meeting of stockholders was held. From the president's report it appears that the sales for 1907 were \$5,681,000, which is nearly \$500,000 more than for the previous year. In the manufacturing departments there was great activity. Over 100,000 pairs of shoes, or 300 pairs per day, were made, and in the clothing factory 17,000 dozen garments were manufactured. A dividend of 12 per cent was declared, and enough set aside from the profits to insure a like dividend for 1909. Besides this, provisions were made for taxes, insurance, teams and improvements. The old officers and directors were elected as follows: Joseph F. Smith, president; George Romney, vice-president; Thomas G. Webber, secretary; A. W. Carlson, treasurer. Directors: Heber J. Grant, John R. Winder, John R. Barnes, John Henry Smith, Francis M. Lyman, Anthon H. Lund, William H. McIntyre, Reed Smoot, T. G. Webber, L. S. Hills, A. W. Carlson.

Sunday School Union.—By count, there were 5,756 persons in attendance, and 53 stakes and 5 missions represented, at the conference of the Deseret Sunday School Union, held in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, on the evening of Sunday, April

5. President Joseph F. Smith presided, and a pleasant program was presented. The statistical report showed steady growth. There are 1,105 schools in the Church, an increase of 42. The total number of children between 4 and 20 in the organized stakes is 119,156 out of which number 103,111 are enrolled. The officers and teachers number 17,883, an increase of 327, and the total enrollment of officers and pupils is 153,525, an increase of 11,242. There are 2,853 children of Latter-day Saints over eight years of age unbaptized. The enrollment in the parent's classes is 13,663, an increase of 8,541. The new movement among Seventies released 1,336 from Sunday school work, while 638 Seventies are still retained. The percentage of attendance in the organized stakes was 59; in the missions, 70; average 61, a gain of one per cent. President Smith urged the attendance of Sunday school officers and teachers at the priesthood and sacrament meetings.

Our Ambassador to Berlin.—After the resignation of our ambassador to Berlin, Mr. Tower, the President appointed Dr. Hill, formerly president of the Rochester University. The appointment of Dr. Hill was a recognition of his eminent ability as an author on international questions, and was in pursuance of the newly inaugurated policy of advancing men in the diplomatic service of our country wherever they have shown themselves qualified to serve as ministers in the more advanced and prominent countries of the world. The appointment of Dr. Hill meant his change from the Hague to Berlin. Mr. Tower had for some time made known his intention to quit his post at Berlin, and the informal statement that Mr. Hill would probably be appointed to take his place was received with satisfaction by the German Emperor. As soon, however, as the appointment was announced, word came from the German capital that Dr. Hill would be *persona non grata* to the German court. This announcement came presumably through the ambassador's office at Berlin, and the announcement created throughout the country a decidedly unfavorable sentiment toward the German Emperor. The Department of State might have withheld the information, and, if possible, adjusted the difficulty without giving to it any publicity. But the Department of State in this country, as well as in others, appreciated the value of public opinion in reaching its purpose with foreign countries. As soon as the temper of the American people became manifest, the German Emperor was gracious enough to say that Mr. Hill would be welcome in Berlin, and that every possible objection that might have been raised would be removed. Naturally people began to wonder just why the Kaiser should raise any question as to Dr. Hill's fitness to represent the American people at his court. In the political world, men are quick to attach motives to every act; in fact, in all matters of diplomacy the art of figuring out motives is one of the highest diplomatic arts; and the reasons for objections to Dr. Hill's appointment were at once advanced; namely, that the German Emperor has a mania for rivaling Great Britain in nearly all questions of international importance. He is anxious to see promoted in his capital those grand social functions which Mr. Whitelaw Reid has been able to carry on at the Dorchester House, in London. Indeed, in Mr. Tower the Em-

peror has found a rival to Mr. Reid, as these two foreign ministers are entertaining in the most magnificent manner.

Dr. Hill, however, is a man of limited income which would not support the grand receptions which Mr. Tower and his wife have given to the diplomatic circle in Berlin. Mrs. Tower has been so elaborate in her functions and state receptions that she has elicited from the German Emperor a sobriquet "the Moltke of the German social season." Indeed, he has been very partial to the Towers, and only recently sent word in a jocular manner to President Roosevelt that he was angry with him for accepting Mr. Tower's resignation. This aristocratic display is not likely to find much welcome among the masses of the American people who still have some lingering pride in simple democracy. They have not forgotten the distinction with which George Bancroft and Mr. Bayard served the American people while they were ministers at the German court, and at the same time men of moderate income.

It is quite likely that Dr. Hill will go to Berlin and satisfy the demands of the American people that wealth shall not constitute a standard by which our foreign diplomacy is to be governed. However, Dr. Hill may wish to be relieved from his high office just as soon as the psychological moment arrives—the moment when he can leave his post in Berlin without creating any friction between the two countries, or any embarrassment for the President of the United States.

The French government at one time undertook to keep its ambassador to Berlin, Gontaut de Biron, in spite of the well known dislike that Bismarck had for him. The experiment, however, did not succeed, and the French government after considerable embarrassment and numerous diplomatic differences was virtually compelled to withdraw him. No doubt, the Emperor will do all he can to respect the feelings of the American people in their wish to have Dr. Hill honored for his mental attainments, notwithstanding his modest income. This tendency toward the recognition of wealth is going on rapidly, and the fact that now and then a set-back is given to it does not in any way demonstrate that it is not growing rapidly. The social functions constitute more and more one of the chief pastimes, if not duties, of our foreign ministers. Europeans are frequently wont to say, "The Americans have the wealth to keep pace with the brilliant receptions given at the courts of the various European nations, why should they not do so?" To do so, means the appointment exclusively of men of wealth.—JOSEPH M. TANNER.

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